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MY DISMISSAL

—FROM—

The Carnegie Institute of Technology

(Causes and Effects)

BY GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER, PH.D.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS
Author of "Ten Years at Yale"

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GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER

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PART I

Each fall, at the opening of the college year, President Hamerschlag addresses the faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. In every address of his that I have heard in this connection, he has invited members of the faculty who are dissatisfied with existing conditions to "open their hearts" to him personally. I happened to be one of the dissatisfied, and my deep dissatisfaction over the Poverty-Day Parade of April 26th, 1922 aroused me to the point of sending the president a letter. The letter was not intended for publication, but since the president has displayed it liberally to those who are more or less forced to side with him, I have decided to publish it for the benefit of those who are at liberty to side for themselves.

The letter follows:

April 26th, 1922.

Dear Dr. Hamerschlag:—

I regret that I missed seeing you last fall just before you left for Europe—all the more so because you 'phoned specially at the time to have me call at your office; but I do not regret having missed the scene of your return this morning which I read in the *Pittsburgh Sun* this evening.

I am thoroughly in favor of allowing the students to relax completely from studies now and then—in particular, to celebrate the arrival of spring (and of their returning president). There is nothing more wholesome in its effect than a May-Pole Dance for girls or similar games for boys done on the campus in brilliant and fantastic costumes, and there should be no objection to the light attire which was customary with the Greeks, who knew the art of draping the human body in a manner which made their sports seem more natural and picturesque. However, while there is a probability of interpreting Mary Garden's exposures in *Salome* as inartistic, there is not the slightest possibility of any

critic seeing anything artistic whatever about nude students strolling around our campus with their rectums wrapped up in dirty newspapers and clothesline or with their testicles in potato sacks. I should like to think that the scenes I witnessed in the hall of the Science Building this morning on my way to the General Faculty Meeting were not real visions but imaginary ones; and yet I would not care to possess a mind so depraved as to imagine the like. That yourself (and Mrs. Hamerschlag) should condescend to *lead* a parade of students attired like these is another matter I should prefer were mythical in spite of the fact that the Pittsburgh papers have flashed it before the eyes of the public in print and in picture. There is such a thing as helpful publicity, and there is such a thing as harmful notoriety. If, by to-day's exhibition, Tech expects to increase her enrollment (which, for next fall, is reported as annoyingly low), the increase cannot consist of other than undesirable students; indeed, I should not be surprised if parents, who had contemplated sending their sons to us next fall, would decide to steer clear of us entirely after seeing the orgy staged so successfully this morning.

When I first came to Tech as an instructor several years ago, several persons on the campus, knowing of the books I had written about Yale, called me aside and told me of the conditions at Carnegie, hoping to inveigle me into exposing them likewise. Although I believe thoroughly that merciless publicity is the only sure cure for the faults of any college and although I know conclusively that the merciless publicity I have given to Yale's faults has permanently removed many of them, at the same time I want to inform you in all sincerity that inwardly I neither have nor have had any intention of criticising Carnegie Tech publicly. I must admit, however, that such an attitude seems neglectful on my part, knowing what I know to exist and having the ability I have to portray it; but my attitude is justified by the fact that I have already done more than one man's share in the betterment of my own Alma Mater. And it behooves the alumni of Carnegie Tech to improve theirs! During my few years at Tech, I have, on my own initiative, tried to set high ideals before the school as a whole, but I shall make no further effort to do so since I have been requested to discontinue it. I shall, however, continue unconsciously if not consciously to place before the particular men who are under my personal instruction all the opportunities within my power. If each instructor were to do likewise, many of Tech's problems would be solved. Yet while this duty of the individual instructor is necessary for maintaining a high morale, it is not sufficient. The administrators, for example, may approve of a freakish idea of the student body which obliterates the good influence of individual members of the faculty. The Poverty-Day tradition (?) reflects the weakness of the administration which countenances it, although the faculty will be censured for their lack of censorship. The present administration needs public criticism—and it is my ardent hope that a Tech alumnus with vision and courage will soon step to the front to administer it; if Tech hasn't produced *one* graduate with this capacity, she might just as well disintegrate—the sooner the better.

Trusting Mrs. Hamerschlag and yourself have had a delightful trip, I am and shall remain

Yours very faithfully,

George Frederick Gundelfinger.

When I sealed the envelope to the above letter I forgot to mark it personal, but I addressed it to the president's home and not to his office, where it might have been read by his secretary. Despite the fact that the envelope was a printed commercial one, it was opened "inadvertently" by the president's wife; and despite the fact that she was "shocked" by the second paragraph of the letter, she continued to read it to the very end and then took it upon herself to write an answer.

I have no desire to publish in full Mrs. Hamerschlag's answer to a letter which was neither sent to nor intended for her—even though she had not marked the envelope personal; but I have enough good sense to understand that certain letters are not intended to be read by all persons even though the writers forget to indicate it. I do, however, want the public to know that Mrs. Hamerschlag accused me of having "a perverted state of mind."

Since she was so inquisitive about reading the thoughts of a "perverted" mind, I sent her a copy of my play, *The Great Reliever,* which had just then been published. Referring to those parts of the play which depict immorality in the lives of chorus girls, one reviewer of the book said: "In all justice to the author, we do not think that he wrote many of the scenes with a desire to cater to the degraded taste of many readers of to-day." He referred to the book as "free prose to the n-th degree, to be read by clean minds only and calculated to do a great deal of good by teaching a moral that is fundamentally sound." Just what is meant by a clean mind is probably best explained by the following quotation from Emerson: "A few times in my life it has happened to me to meet persons of so good a nature and so good breeding that every topic was open and discussed without possibility of offense—persons who could not be shocked." I believe there are such beings as truly modest persons who require the "shock" known as education. Whether the minds of such persons are clean or unclean I am unable to say and would rather think of them as having no minds at all. Persons who do not come under this head *modest* are either clean-minded or vulgar-minded, neither of them strictly avoiding the topics of conversation which shock modest persons. But a vulgar-minded person is as uneducated as a modest one, for he delights in dwelling on these topics in a lewd way only, referring to certain matters and things by foul words which do not even exist as such in our dictionaries. For obvious reasons he cannot bear to hear these matters spoken of seriously or these things called by their proper names—in fact, in the company of clean-minded educated persons he becomes suddenly "modest." On the fly-leaf of my book *The Great Reliever,* I inscribed a part of Mrs. Hamerschlag's letter in which she mentioned "the great desire toward righteousness which pervades all like God's sunshine."

I do not know what part this book *The Great Reliever* has played in the action taken by President Hamerschlag, but I believe it has played a very important part—although he has been very silent concerning it. In telling the whole truth, however, I feel it is my duty to mention it here and perhaps refer to it again later.

I also sent Mrs. Hamerschlag the following answer to her letter. Since she has allowed her husband to circulate it, she evidently does not regard it as a private communication and will not, therefore, object to its publication.

April 29th, 1922.

Dear Mrs. Hamerschlag:—

I hope you observed how I underlined a part of the address on the envelope—a little thoughtfulness on my part which prevented this letter from having been opened "inadvertently."

If I recall rightly, there was nothing in the *first* paragraph of my letter to President Hamerschlag referring to *your* return from Europe. There was, in fact, no mention made of *your* name until *after* I had written the "shocking expressions," and then, I believe, I used your name *parenthetically* in connection with the president's when I expressed my regret at his having condescended to lead the Poverty-Day Parade. And *at the very end of the letter,* I also remember having included *your* name in hoping that the trip through Europe had been delightful. (It is unfortunate that said trip was marred by "the mangy cattle and the diseased people of Morocco," but perhaps if I had seen these also when I was abroad before the war, I would have been not less willing but more reluctant to criticise our "poverty-stricken" students at Tech. However, let us not forget that these cattle never had the opportunity for uplift offered by a college education.) All of which goes to show that it was through feminine curiosity rather than through a sense of obligation that, after opening the letter by mistake, you continued to read it even after receiving the shock which aroused you into answering it.

I would have been much amused by your reference to my "perverted state of mind," were it not that the expression has become woefully trite with "moralists." Just as the sight of "the mangy cattle and diseased people of Morocco" seems to have left an impression on your mind, so has the sight of the vulgarly-clad (?) students left an impression on mine; and there is nothing more to indicate perversion in my description of what I saw than there is in yours. While we often speak of the mind as a source, the things which "arise from the mind" are almost entirely reflections of what eyes or ears have seen or heard—not only our eyes and ears but those of our ancestors as well; so the modern psychologist claims. It is downright ignorance and idiocy to say that a man has a perverse mind merely because he describes fearlessly, truthfully and minutely what he has observed in others in order to arouse the "blind" and the "deaf" in the matter of reform. Perversion consists not in observing indiscriminately and in recording and reporting one's observations, but in being unable to distinguish between good and evil and right and wrong. That you should be unable to differentiate between healthful nonsense and morbid vulgarity indicates *your* "perverted state of mind."

However in regard to the Poverty-Day Parade, it should be said in your defense that while I saw it indoors at the Science Building, you saw it in "God's all-pervading sunshine" which is always more or less blinding. To use your own words: "*I saw nothing,* nothing so shocking, etc." The objection to God's sunshine is that we are inclined to bask in it lazily and contentedly, half closing our eyes not only to the evils which surround us but also to the nonchalance which its warmth engenders in ourselves. This lassitude possesses us until we are rudely awakened by the electric shocks from God's lightning, without which the atmosphere, due to excessive sunshine, would grow unbearably stale and even putrid. It is true that God's sunshine is constructive in that it

enables things to grow and keep on growing irrespective of their worth; but it is God's destructive tempest which washes and tears away much that has grown decayed, albeit good things too are sometimes unexplainably carried away in His wrath. It is so with Constructive Criticism: it enables one to go on building and building often on rotten foundations until Destructive Criticism abolishes the rottenness and makes way for a structure which not only looks big and strong but actually is.

Here is another of your absurd insinuations: "That you could see nothing but evil (in this Poverty Day) is sad: for a man with understanding of youth and the joy of nonsense gone is poverty-stricken indeed, and no game of make-believe could conceal it." I too might say: That you could see nothing in my letter but my "shocking expressions" is sad indeed, and yet these seemed to absorb your mind to the point where it completely ignored my statements that I thoroughly approve of temporary relaxation from studies and that there is nothing more wholesome than May Dances and Greek Games on the campus. You do not know to whom you are writing, and you evidently shun any effort on my part to reveal my true nature. If you knew me or if you even cared to know me, you would never have put such ridiculous accusations on paper. I want you to know that I fully enjoy being among the boys at Carnegie Tech, and I know full well the meaning of their twinkling eyes and their glowing cheeks; if these were repulsive to me (as you seem to infer), I would give up my position as professor and apply for a job as janitor in some Home For The Aged. The plain truth is that there is no one who feels more like participating in the playful pranks of youth than myself—if I dared. The quality in a teacher that makes a student like him is the teacher's capacity and hidden desire for youthful effervescence; but the quality which makes the student respect him is that selfsame restraint which every model instructor should inculcate in every youth under his instruction—the restraint without which effervescence is enervating, repulsive and degrading. An occasional suggestion of the softening of this restraint on the part of an instructor may serve to assure the student that effervescence is not wanting; but when it breaks down entirely and permanently, then respect degenerates into a cheap confederacy between teacher and taught and the good influence becomes not only nil but perverse. I advise you to question any student under my instruction in the institution over which your husband presides concerning my "poverty-stricken" condition as to either my own youthfulness or my appreciation and understanding of it in others; and I wager that were you to likewise question the instructors in the Department of Mathematics with whom I come in daily contact they would unanimously vote me the biggest exponent of nonsense among their acquaintances. Indeed the fact that I have enjoyed your letter ought to be a sufficient proof of my love of nonsense. To read your letter one would think I were a shrivelled-up old crank. You ought to be informed that there are two distinct types of the kind of man you would make me out to be: the man who has never been endowed with the spirit of youth and the man who has dissipated it. And you ought also to be informed from other than an egoistic source that I am neither. It is the conservation of the spirit of youth that keeps one alive and young. You write that the "indiscretions" you observed on Poverty Day were "due to the thoughtlessness of youth rather than conscious thought." Thought-

lessness goes hand in hand with dissipation; conscious thought with conservation. Your letter proves convincingly that your attitude is that of a modern flapper, and "no game of make-believe (in God's all-pervading sunshine) can conceal it."

This correspondence between us is an accident; it was not premeditated on my part. I wrote a letter to President Hamerschlag, and I mentioned your name therein. Although it was not my intention that you should read this letter, nevertheless I had hoped that you would be informed of its message and that you would use your influence toward betterment. However, I had no objection to your reading my letter; I have no objection to any one reading any of my letters. But if I had purposely intended that you should read my letter rather than be told of its message indirectly, then I would undoubtedly have been a little less free in the use of "shocking expressions." But Fate has had her way—and, I believe, a good way. She has succeeded in shocking you all the way into answering your husband's letter, and by doing so, she has revealed to me your own attitude and the fact that the married administrators of our colleges are not solely to blame for the all-pervading thoughtlessness either of our students or of themselves.

Would that you had written your letter to a Tech graduate instead of to a man who is deeply interested in Tech's moral welfare; it might have accomplished in him a highly desirable metamorphosis.

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER.

I heard nothing more concerning my letter to President Hamerschlag until Tuesday morning, May 9th, 1922, when I was called before Director Day of the Faculty of General Studies and Professor Keller of the Department of Mathematics. I refused to discuss the letter with them because I considered it a personal matter between myself and the president. He, however, refused to discuss the letter with me alone, and so I met him with Director Day and Professor Keller in his office on Wednesday afternoon, May 10th, 1922.

Before this meeting got under way, I stated clearly that I was attending it only with extreme reluctance and did not feel it was necessary for me to attend at all. President Hamerschlag, however, insisted that my letter was of an "official" nature and that it must therefore be considered in the presence of his fellow-administrators. He held up the envelope to show that it did not contain the word personal, although he ignored the facts that it was sent to his home and that I addressed him not by his official title but very informally as "Dear Dr. Hamersrhlag." And I shall leave it to the reader's judgment to decide if the contents and tone of the letter do not indicate (far more clearly than if the word personal had appeared on the envelope) a confidential rather than an official communication. It is queer that President Hamerschlag regards as unofficial any communication to the Board of Trustees which has not passed first through his hands, but regards as "official" a letter to himself which was not even sent to his office or through the head of my department or faculty—a letter which not a soul aside from myself knew I had written—a letter in which I had, at his request, confidentially "opened my heart" and which he then used officially as an indication that I should be dismissed.

But President Hamerschlag did not dismiss me merely for writing the letter, but because the views expressed therein were "false." His marvelous

method for proving them "false" was to compare them with the views of Director Day and Professor Keller, who, at this meeting, both voiced favorable impressions as to not only the Poverty-Day Parade but also conditions in general. (For other matters aside from the letter were discussed at this meeting in order to arrive at more "conclusive" reasons for a dismissal.) The president accepted their views as true. Hence the extremely logical conclusion that my views were necessarily false, and furthermore that my insistence on maintaining them denoted an "irrational mind." (Compare with Mrs. Hamerschlag's "perverted state of mind.") I was, therefore, "unfit to teach" in the classroom, and the president could not see how he could recommend me to a position on the faculty next year. I told him that I refused to resign and that he must choose between retaining me and dropping all further reference to my letter as an official communication or dismissing me and having the matter given merciless publicity. I then left the meeting to await the decision.

The next day I wrote him the following letter:

May 11th, 1922.

Dear President Hamerschlag:—

I have a natural gift (rather than one acquired through the study of Psychology) of getting inside of a person's mind and making a close study of his or her character. I have recorded several of these studies in my plays *The Ice Lens* and *The Great Reliever*. As a result of our meeting yesterday, I have decided to make a close study of you and prove (to my mind) that you should be ousted as President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. This procedure on my part will no doubt furnish you with further proof (to your mind) that my mind is irrational. That however remains to be seen by the unbiased judges who will read my study. What you consider mental irrationality may turn out to be mental superiority and a sense of insight above—far above—the average. Let me add, however, that my study shall not be made public until I have been notified officially of my dismissal. If you decide to drop all further discussion of my Poverty-Day letter as an official communication to the administration, I shall destroy my written investigation of your character.

This is not a threat or an attempt to prevent my dismissal. In any case I am doing the whole thing with extreme reluctance. If you feel in your heart that *you* are doing the right thing, by all means go ahead and see it through—and then I shall help the public to see through it.

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER.

The above letter was very distinctly marked personal and was sent by registered mail to the president's office. With it I sent a copy of the new edition of my play *The Ice Lens*.

On Friday morning, May 12th, 1922, Director Day informed me that the president had made a final decision to dismiss me. I immediately went to the president's office to have the verdict verified. I was told the president could not see me, but that I might 'phone to him, which I did. Over the 'phone he told me he could not see me until the following week, but he verified his decision. I then saw both Director Day and Professor Keller and asked if they were going to stand by the president. They answered in the affirmative, although Director Day was far more firm than Professor

Keller—or shall I say far less weak.

I did not, of course, care to publish the decision of these three men without first ascertaining if it was also the decision of the institute as a whole. So I proceeded to write "A Letter to the Trustees, the Faculty and the Students of the Carnegie Institute of Technology," had over a thousand copies printed and placed in sealed envelopes marked personal. The following notice was printed at the head of the letter:

IMPCRTANT—This printed letter has been sent to you in a sealed envelope marked personal. Please regard it as confidential—confidential as far as the Carnegie Institute of Technology is concerned. The author desires that you pass your copy along to any officer or student of the school who has happened not to receive one; or, if you prefer, he will send you additional copies for that purpose. No copies have been or will be sent by him to persons not connected with the institution, and he requests that you likewise comply with this restriction. He has no desire whatever to have the letter read by the General Public—unless the institute as a whole (as indicated by its inaction) sanctions the step taken by the president, in which case the whole matter will be given mereiless publicity, not because the author wishes to do the institute any particular harm or because he is seeking for personal notoriety but because he believes whole-heartedly that an act of injustice should be exposed and aired to the same degree that it is supported.

In this Letter I told the story I have so far related. I did not, however, publish the letters; in fact I did not even mention the registered letter or the letter to Mrs. Hamerschlag, although I made it clear that she had opened and read the original one. I also took the opportunity to publish not the impressions of the Carnegie Institute of Technology which Director Day and Professor Keller gave at the meeting in the president's office, but the views they had earlier expressed to me, and to state in addition some of the characteristics of these men which I (and many others) could not possibly refrain from observing. I printed these not because I craved revenge or entertained any "malicious" consequences, but solely to prove that they were both unfit men to judge as to whether or not I was "unfit to teach." The fact that I am working under flabby-minded "superiors" is of no concern to me as long as I am permitted to continue my good work unmolested; but when such "superiors" attempt to put an end to my good work by ousting me on the claim that my mind is "irrational" just because my views do not conform with their loose philosophies, then I consider it both my right and my duty to expose them. The progress of education demands it.

At the end of my printed Letter I stated that I did not consider their decision as final but "as dirty a piece of intrigue as has ever been perpetrated in our halls of learning." I openly called President Hamerschlag a contemptible hypocrite which he undeniably is and probably ever shall be, and I stated that "if, by the time Commencement comes in June, I find that the Students (Science School) and the General Faculty have not quietly expressed disapproval of their president's action, and if I have not heard officially from the Board of Trustees that I am to continue my duties next fall, I shall leave the school with an impression as unavoidably harmful as it is truthful, and which neither time nor tide will efface from the mind of the public at large."

These printed letters were delivered on Saturday afternoon, May 27th, 1922—the last day of "Campus Week"—to all the trustees, all the officers and faculty of the institution, but to only such students as were or had been at some time or other under my instruction.

Although I have heard since, that a certain member of the faculty had tried to incite the students to run me off the campus for circulating such a letter, I did not, on the following Monday morning, notice any hostile attitude whatever on the part of the undergraduates. Indeed some students, one of whom I had never instructed or even known, came to my recitation room and asked me for additional copies of the Letter for further distribution, which indicated to me that other students aside from my own were interested and which led me to mail a second lot of letters to the dormitories. While it is very likely that certain individual students were highly irritated by what I had done, I must confess that, generally speaking, I was greeted by kind smiles everywhere and spoken to amicably by students who had not known me before. The attitude of the boys in my own classes—especially those who had participated in the Poverty-Day Parade—was so wondrously sympathetic that I shall never be able to forget it. I had never before been cheered by a class at Tech, but after I dismissed my last class at the end of the year, they cheered me with so much abandon and with such a ring of sincerity that the walls of the room as well as those of my heart seemed to tremble with emotion.

The attitude of the faculty was not, of course, so pronounced or so open. One would hardly expect it to be. There were indeed some members of the faculty whose support I would not care to have—whose support would be only a shadow on my reputation—but there were a large number who are too dependent to express their true feeling, since the expression might result in serious consequences both to themselves and their families. A meeting of the General Faculty was called on Tuesday, June 6th, 1922, to pass certain resolutions. The meeting was attended by Secretary Baker who was sent by President Hamerschlag to count and recognize all the nays. He must have reminded one of the cowboy-minister who converted his whole congregation by aiming a horse-pistol from the pulpit and saying: "Now all those who do not believe in God, please rise." I am told that a secret ballot would have brought about a very different result.

The Resolutions follow:

"Whereas, in a letter to the Trustees, Faculty and Students of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, sent out under the date of May 27th, 1922, by Assistant Professor Gundelfinger, the writer severely attacks the motives and character of the Head of his Department and the Director of his Division, the General Faculty herewith adopts the following resolutions:

"1) We condemn the intemperate personal attacks in the letter as unjustifiable, unfair in method and vindictive in spirit.

"2) By his deliberate effort through direct charges and covert insinuations to discredit the character and standing of those attacked, Professor Gundelfinger has forfeited the confidence and good will that might have been given him by his colleagues in any sincere and well-ordered effort to uphold a high standard of conduct in the student body."

"Unjustifiable, unfair in method and vindictive in spirit" are expressions which fully and exactly describe the president's action in dis-

missing me. And had he not "by his deliberate effort through direct charges and covert insinuations" tried "to discredit my character and standing?" To say that I am "unfit to teach" is as *direct* a charge and to say that my mind is "irrational" is as *covert* an insinuation as any I have made against my "superiors." It is true that the president, unlike myself, did not make his charges before the whole school, but his "diplomacy" was nothing more than timidity and doubt in his accusations. Furthermore the school would eventually have wanted to know why I had left and, if I were to seek a position elsewhere, I myself would demand my old employer to inform my new one as to just why I was making the change. President Hamerschlag, no doubt, would have been satisfied to inform the school and the American public that I had resigned; fortunately my mind, in this respect at least, is not so irrational as his own. Both Director Day and Professor Keller (as well as President Hamerschlag) know in their hearts that his charges against me are putrid lies far more irrational than anything I have ever said; and yet they have sanctioned these charges and insinuations by agreeing with him. Then why should I, in my own defense, not be permitted to attack them *truthfully* and *openly* in return? It is to be regretted that the General Faculty, through these Resolutions, condemned my procedure. Would it not have shown a more becoming color by voicing its desire to have secret falsehood downed by open truth at all times, irrespective of the rank of the officers on either side?

Before judging the General Faculty, however, it is only fair that I should inform the reader just how these Resolutions were drawn up. They did not originate with the General Faculty at all. They grew out of a Recommendation submitted by the Heads (Professor Keller being one of them) of Director Day's Faculty in the College of General Studies—submitted to the Executive Committee which censors and modifies all resolutions before they are brought before the General Faculty. I happened to be a member of this Executive Committee and therefore had the reserved honor of hearing this original Recommendation. It was evidently intended for publication, but since it was not even submitted to the General Faculty, it will now probably be considered "viciously low" to publish it here. But since it has been the general policy from the very beginning of this affair to consider even personal letters as official and to circulate them freely, I shall, for the sake of conformity, print this remarkable Recommendation. However, since it is the product of several minds, I shall not be offending any one particular person by publishing it, although among its floral phrases, I (and perhaps others) can detect the distinctly individual odors of certain contributors. Furthermore since it has emanated from the best and most "rational" minds of the institute, its publication will be a great credit to the school and serve as a corrective for my own "irrational" opinions.

The Recommendation follows:

June 5th, 1922.

This meeting has been called at the request of the Heads of the Departments of General Studies not to discuss the action of the President or meet the wishes of Professor Gundelfinger, but to determine the manner of censuring Professor Gundelfinger for his unwarranted and unqualified attacks against Director Day and our Senior member, Professor Keller.

The Department Heads of the Division of General Studies feel that the nature of the attack against Director Day and Professor Keller is malicious

and entirely unjustifiable. It is unworthy of a gentleman, so viciously low that, in the estimation of the Department Heads, Professor Gundelfinger has forfeited the right to associate with us as a member of the Faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

We, the Heads of the Departments, therefore move that our findings be endorsed by the General Faculty, as reprsenting the views of the body at large.

It will be observed that this hymn of hate underwent (without my aid) no small amount of censoring and modification by the Executive Committee who were needed to guide the demented "Heads" of the Departments of General Study and to rescue these perfect gentlemen from the unconscious animal depths into which one would hardly expect psychologists of international fame (at least) to descend. I am glad that in my attacks both on Director Day and on Professor Keller I was calm and cool enough to make a pun. Indeed, in the Recommendation of the Heads to have my right as a member of the faculty to "associate" with them forfeited, I should like to say that it was a right that I never exercised or even cared to exercise and that the forfeiture of it might now (owing to the symptoms of hydrophobia resulting from the biting attacks of a viciously low gentleman) be advantageously endorsed by the General Faculty for other members as well.

In addition to this Recommendation, the Executive Committee was also asked to read the letters which I had sent to the president. But the committee, quite independent of any plea on my part, was willing to accept my printed explanation that the letters were personal and to ignore the president's insistence on their "official" nature and so voted to send the letters back to Secretary Baker unread. The letters included my original letter to the president's home, my answer to Mrs. Hamerschlag (which had also become "official") and my second registered, plainly-marked-personal letter to the president's office. From the fact that the president was circulating the latter letter, I learned that even if I had marked my original letter personal and even if I had registered it in an attempt to prevent his wife from opening it, he would still have considered it "official." In other words I had discovered that the president's mind is too loose to consider *anything* confidentially. He seems to have neither the ability nor the courage to decide righteously matters of a personal nature; so he camouflages them as "official communications" to avoid the sole responsibility of handing down a decision which he personally favors but which he hypnotizes his fellow-administrators into making for him.

From the original Recommendation of the Heads, it is obvious that they undertook to work on the sympathies of the General Faculty for Director Day and Professor Keller, both of whom, owing to their strong tendencies to be sociable, are rather popular. The charges I made against these men in my printed Letter no doubt led their friends to vote for the Resolutions submitted, although they likely would not have voted (had these charges not been made) for a resolution disapproving of the president's action in dismissing me. I was told I had an excellent case against the president and would have won it easily if I had not involved Director Day and Professor Keller; but I saw the matter impartially and felt that all who sided with the president, either voluntarily or otherwise, were equally to blame. Furthermore, without a doubt, the president or those Heads who are his

particular friends would have protested against a general faculty meeting to pass a resolution belittling himself and favoring me, and yet he must have craved some sort of a resolution to indicate, however indirectly, that the faculty favored his action. One begins to understand clearly why (in addition to being too timid to do so) he refused to discuss my personal letter with me alone. Director Day and Professor Keller both revealed additional weakness of character by allowing themselves to be ensnared in a purely personal affair. That President Hamerschlag had a hand in the Recommendation of the Heads I surmised and actually discovered later, though unintentionally. Indeed, the words, "not to discuss the action of the President or to meet the wishes of Professor Gundelfinger" show clearly both the obvious intention to suppress the kind of resolution I wanted and the stupid effort to disguise their more exact positive significance: "to discuss the action of Professor Gundelfinger and meet the wishes of the President." But the Executive Committee saw to it that the president's desire (as worded in the Recommendaion) "to have Professor Gundelfinger forfeit the right to associate with us as a member of the Faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology" was not voraciously gratified by the Faculty Resolutions. But he has, without a doubt, sent the Resolutions of the General Faculty to the trustees to prove to them indirectly that the General Faculty approved of his original grounds for dismissing me (which is a diabolical lie); and this explains why I did not receive a letter of reinstatement from the Board. It appears then that my printed Letter, because I used it to tell the whole truth instead of only a part of it, frustrated the very purpose it was intended to accomplish.

For the benefit of the reader, I shall republish here three paragraphs from my printed Letter to acquaint him with my charges:

"At that meeting, both Director Day and Professor Keller said that while they believed criticism to be helpful, they objected entirely to my manner of criticising. I have no desire to conceal my belief that a lot of the so-called criticism is little more than a kiss on the spot that hurts. Such criticism will never cure the more serious sores, and the critic who so attempts to cure them is very likely to contract the sores on his own lips. These sores always require a stinging ointment and sometimes a keen knife to eat or cut away the poison. But I speak with ardent honesty when I say that it has never been my intention either to administer ointment or to apply the knife publicly to the Carnegie Institute of Technology as I have done to my Alma Mater with such beneficial results; but in what I hoped would be a confidential letter to President Hamerschlag, I did express my wish that a graduate of the Carnegie Institute of Technology would step forward to render the same service to his. While I have no desire whatever to repeat *here* the words in which I expressed my opinions confidentially, I considered it courteous (not courageous) to convey my opinions to the president on paper as forcefully as some of my more "loyal" colleagues have expressed theirs to me behind his back.....

"In regard to Director Day's views, I should like to say that they were very consistent with the views he expressed to me when I first came to know him and which I believe are sincere. His attitude is the easy-going one that is typical of the British academic mind. He upholds that colleges should turn out good mixers, and he believes (with Oscar Wilde) that men must have vices before they can love one another. He evidently loves

President Hamerschlag (for I have never heard him say one word against him), and he doubtless goes to his office frequently to kiss the sores of the institute. And, of course, if the directors love the president and if the faculty love the students then conditions are all that one could expect. Hence Director Day has "that enthusiasm that should *lie* in us all"—as he puts it (although one does not hear the italics). He admits however that a house divided against itself cannot stand, although he prefers to retain that party which favors a faulty foundation. But which man is of more benefit to a community? He who possesses a mind which is dissatisfied with existing vices or he who is possessed with a lying enthusiasm? At the opening of the present college year, Director Day advised his faculty *en masse* that if any of them were dissatisfied, it would be better for all concerned were they to quit the institution. Might one not also say that if a man's *ideas* do not conform with American *Ideals,* it were better for him to quit our country? Such English "celebrities" as Chesterton, W. L. George and Margot Asquith do not remain with us very long, and their drivel soon evaporates; but when outsiders inclined to make loose statements are retained as "directors" in our universities for the entire college year, the morale of American student life will inevitably waver. Our national education has happily been freed of that intense militaristic discipline of the German system; but are we going to allow English propaganda to swing the pendulum too far in the opposite direction beyond the stable and healthy intermediate position which is characteristic of genuine Americanism?

"Professor Keller's attitude in President Hamerschlag's office was, on the other hand, entirely inconsistent with the views which he constantly feeds to the men on his staff. From the nature of the remarks which he reiterates continually at our departmental faculty meetings, one invariably gets the impression that almost everybody and almost everything connected with the Carnegie Institute of Technology are "rotten." Unlike Director Day, Professor Keller has no great love for President Hamerschlag and no kisses for the school. He has lost all his former concern in Tech's actual progress and makes no individual effort to arrive at plans for her betterment —although, be it said to his credit, he takes all the good suggestions from the teachers under him and (to hear him tell it) fights for them in the Senate as enthusiastically as he plays pool at the Faculty Club. His only remaining sources of interest at the institute appear to be Tech's social life on the campus and the salary he draws for living it."

I do not regret having published a single word which I have had reprinted above. On the contrary I am glad I had the opportunity to enlighten those who were blind to Director Day's and Professor Keller's shortcomings and to speak for those who were too timid or too dependent to speak the same truth themselves. And I am glad that I now have the further opportunity to add statements to verify what I have said and to augment it with fresh "direct charges' and covert insinuations," not only against Director Day and Professor Keller but against other authors of the Recommendation as well.

It may surprise certain members of the faculty to hear that at the meeting in the president's office Director Day admitted that he believed "men must have vices before they can love one another" and reinforced his admission by claiming that he "disliked virtuous men," to all of which the president agreed—if silence denotes consent. After all, then, have I

attacked Director Day or have I merely given publicity to Director Day's own charge against himself "to discredit his character and standing." The first time I ever spoke to Director Day in his own office, several years ago, he laid bare his tendencies by confessing (without my forcing or even desiring the knowledge) that he was "sensual." His opera, *Roses of Mercatel*, inspired by his military experiences in France and presented by the School of Design of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, is (if Professor Vick O'Brien's score be considered a faithful medium of interpretation) little more than a continual state of erection with orgasm after orgasm, all of which *may* be essential to art but which, as mere passion, has no place in education—not until it has undergone sublimation. Again, Director Day's favorite novel, *Pelle, the Conqueror*, about which he likes to lecture, abounds in suggestive discourse and reeks with sexual dissipation, the hero being an ardent extoller of mere illiterate flesh and the father of at least two illegitimate children.

The fact that Director Day is also Commander of the British War Veterans in the Pittsburgh District ought to be conclusive proof of my charge that he is an English Propagandist whose interest in American education is not altogether for America's benefit.

At the opening of the Fall term, I asked Director Day's permission to circulate my anti-tobacco pamphlet among the freshmen. He refused to grant it, returning a copy in which he had underlined, among others, the following statements as objectionable:

"The minister who uses tobacco or liquor cannot write or deliver a Godly sermon. God refuses to speak—he cannot speak clearly through such a medium. The sermon may be a perfect counterfeit, but the minister who uses counterfeit sermons should be placed on the same level with him who manufactures counterfeit money. (Director Day is descended from ministers —who smoked.)

"There is no other place where vulgar stories are related with smoother eloquence and heard with more absorbing interest than in a room filled with students and tobacco smoke."

"Immediately after classes, the faculty seek the seclusion of their private offices, close the doors on the "No Smoking" placards posted so hypocritically in the vestibules, and are soon throwing off volumes like the dragon in *Siegfried*." (Director Day's desk is always covered with tobacco cans, and there is a placard prohibiting smoking in the corridor leading to his room.)

"It is absurd to even think of reforming our undergraduates until we reform each and every man who instructs them."

"I should very much dislike to send a young and impressionable son for instruction in any subject to any teacher who uses cigarettes." (This statement is quoted from a well-known specialist on the drug habit. Director Day smokes cigarettes.)

"There is nothing more inconsistent than a professor working over his researches at the same time that he is devouring a cigarette; it must be a queer sort of enlightenment that springs from a brain steeped in nicotine."

"What a blessing are single beds!"

"Liquor uninstinctively inflames a man to fight—to fight for any cause whatever or, as is more often the case, for no cause at all. The United States however did not care to have its fighters blindly and artificially inflamed by spirits but by *The Spirit* of World-Freedom." (Director Day

considered this as a fling at the use of rum in the English army and undertook to defend the latter.)

"We must appeal primarily not to the unlettered I. W. W. who spit on their dirty hands, but to the cultured gentlemen who expectorate into nickel-plated cuspidors." (Director Day informed me that filthy cuspidors are solely an American institution unheard of in England. I suppose all Englishmen spit backwards.)

By calling my attention to these particular "objectionable" statements, Director Day revealed various elements in his make-up.

But it is known by many that in spite of his splendid physique, he has no "backbone," makes promises that he does not live up to, is shallow and visionless along certain lines of common thought, takes no heed of the opportunities to utilize the forces for improvement which constantly manifest themselves in certain members of his faculty but, instead, works for the advancement of personal friends whose "ideals" are no higher than his own. When he addresses his staff, he reminds one of an overgrown boy who is never so farcical as when he attempts to be forceful. He is absolutely uninspiring—in fact, entirely discouraging. The nationality of his mind is extremely evident; as to its rationality—well, he is, without a doubt, totally unfit for an educator in the American sense of the word.

In addition to the letters I have mentioned, there was an earlier letter of mine which produced a staunch ally for President Hamerschlag. About a year before, Professor Esquerre, Head of the Department of Health, a member of Director Day's faculty and an inseparable friend of Professor Keller, was lamenting to his colleagues "the rotten human element" in certain instructors among whom I was included. I do not know how Professor Esquerre arrived at his opinion, at least as far as myself was concerned, unless it was from the fact that I had never smoked in his company; for he manages a pipe as naturally and as contentedly as a baby sucks a nipple, and he believes that cigarettes are harmless, although he is as stunted and as unwholesome a specimen of humanity as haunts the Tech campus. On hearing indirectly the criticism he was broadcasting, I wrote a few lines asking him to come to me personally about my "faults" instead of gossiping them about "like a timid old maid"—a phrase which insulted him to the degree that only a Frenchman can attain. He likewise considered my letter an "official" document, ran with it immediately to Professor Keller and probably to Director Day and to President Hamerschlag also. His lack of control over his emotions, in the half dozen or so sessions I had with him at the time, revealed clearly the futility of any lasting peace terms with France. Only once have I seen a face twitch similarly with revenge, and that was when I saw "Goliath" in the screen-version of *Tol'able David*. (I do not mean to be sarcastic here by referring to Goliath, but I must candidly admit that I would never have believed the desire for self-gratification could be so vicious in an educated man.) His miserable French accent on English words, together with his extreme excitability, delayed my understanding of what he really wanted to calm him. I believe nothing but a duel could have satisfied him completely, but he was temporarily soothed by an apology in the form of another letter—a letter which I would have considered by far a bigger insult than the first one. His wrath never subsided completely and was amply rekindled by my printed circular. It was Professor Esquerre who tried to incite the students to run me out of the school, and he also was, no doubt, *l'auteur premier* of the distinguished

(and extinguished) Recommendation to the Executive Committee.

Another staunch ally to the president and also a Head of Professor Day's Faculty was Professor Bingham of the Department of Psychology. During my first year at the institute I had declined an invitation to spend an evening with the psychologists at cards and dancing. My declination may have become an "official" matter, but I believe Professor Bingham's refusal to speak to me on the morning of the day on which the Resolutions were passed was due far more to my attitude toward academic research—especially, in the realms of Psychology, where most of the investigations are of an infantile if not of an imbecile nature. The psychological tests which are being imposed on the students at our colleges and universities today are nowhere considered more of a joke than they are at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. They psychologists there have absorbed the German idea of trying to run the university if not the universe; they have poked their noses into every conceivable crevice with the hope of bringing out that god Efficiency. And they have even gone beyond the campus: one of them, Professor Bingham himself I believe, recently interfered with a policeman's manner of arresting a man in public, with the result that the psychologist, although unknown as such to the officer, was hauled to the police-station along with the other disturber of the peace. May the day soon come when all meddling psychologists are given a similar ride. It will be a happy day for educational America, second only in significance to the Fourth of July. Professor Bingham was the avenue through which President Hamerschlag reached the Heads of General Studies to dictate the Recommendation.

While all the Heads of Director Day's Faculty were more or less rabid over my Letter, the attitudes of the members of the Executive Committee were not unanimously liberal. Professor Riggs of the Department of Mechanical Engineering was particularly anxious that my "unwarranted" attack on Professor Keller be condemned. Professor Riggs and myself had always been on friendly terms, and it was at his suggestion that I became a member of the Freshman Scholarship Committee in the Science School, on which I served with him for several years. I should like to say in regard to Professor Riggs (and I know Professor Keller will agree with me) that he does more work than any other man on the Faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology and earns far more than double his salary. But Professor Riggs does not seem to agree with me when I place Professor Keller at the other extreme,—and yet every instructor who has recently served on Professor Keller's staff will, I know, admit this. It is almost impossible to conceive how the Head of a Department can degenerate into such a mere cipher, and yet this is a true measure of Professor Keller's value to the institute, despite the fact that he may have been deeply interested in its progress at the start. His recent misfortune and illness are not explanations for his apathy (as some of his friends would have us see it), for it was one of his out-standing characteristics six years ago when I met him in his office with a meerschaum pacifier in his mouth, reading a story of adventure written for boys at the age of fourteen. To condemn my attack on the mere ground that he is a "senior member" is, to my mind, false courtesy. I respect senority as long as the senior knows his place. When he reaches his "second childhood," we

should not be so sentimental and considerate as to allow him to remain in a position of responsibility with the result that the entire department is weakened and disordered through dissatisfaction and ridicule. Professor Rigg's soft heart is his only sin. I have observed its bad influence time and again in his attitude as Chairman of the Scholarship Committee. He allows the freshmen to win him by tears and by long recitals of invented woes, and he then declares it is either too early or too late in the academic year to drop them, thereby gaining the favor of President Hamerschlag by maintaining a big enrollment irrespective of its quality. Professor Riggs was the chief framer of the Resolutions passed by the General Faculty. That he, in framing these Resolutions, should become so "intemperate" as "to discredit my character and standing" through the "direct charge" that my "effort to uphold a high standard of conduct in the student body" is "not sincere" and the "covert insinuation" that it is "not well-ordered"—that he should become so "intemperate," I say, is very hopeful; and the freshmen had better take heed.

Both Director Day and Professor Keller were badly broken up over my printed Letter, and, doubtless, one of the main purposes of the General Faculty (but not of the president) in having the Resolutions passed was to console these two men. Another evident purpose was to discourage me in my work of reform. I believe the accomplishment of the first of these purposes has not been successful, and I know the second has failed utterly. Genuine sympathy need never be forced to express itself. I did not obtain consolation from my students by threatening to "flunk" each one who refused to cheer for me, and if Director Day had stayed away from the meeting where the Resolutions were passed he would now be feeling more like I feel. I feel more enthusiastic than ever in regard to my work, despite the fact that I have "forfeited the confidence and good will that might have been given me by my colleagues in any sincere and well-ordered effort to uphold a high standard of conduct in the student body." And I shall continue to work for the moral progress of the students in American colleges and universities, among which Carnegie Tech may hardly be included after allowing the British and French elements within her gates to down American ideals and oust American teachers.

But now let us try to forget about the source and the author of the Resolutions and as to just how and why they were passed. Let us state tersely that the Resolutions have been passed and must now go on record as a part of the history of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The question arises: Are they Resolutions to be proud of? Under the disguise of dislike for the non-sugar-coated truths of a reformer, this faculty has expressed its lack of interest in moral reform and expressed it without the reformer's asking, for his desire for reform was written in a personal letter to the president that was not intended for general reading. The fact that the General Faculty voted to change "the confidence and good will that *would* have been given" to "the confidence and good will that *might* have been given" is further indication of indifference to the reformer's end, irrespective of their dislike for his means. Disguise or no disguise, the Carnegie Institute of Technology then is not strong for morality. Director Day's belief that "men must have vices before they can love one another" has taken root, and the General Faculty have condemned the attacks of the only one of its members who had sincerely and vigorous-

ly written to the president to have it eradicated. These Resolutions have helped to accomplish the dismissal of the reformer. The dismissal is not a blow to his reputation but a blow to the reputation of the "educational" institution which has permitted it. Such an institution, despite any other virtue which it chances to possess, is a disgrace not only to Pittsburgh but to educational America as a whole.

I do not care to appear so conceited as to state that an institution is a disgrace merely because it has permitted *my* dismissal; it is a disgrace because it has dismissed the standards which I happen to uphold. If such standards had been evident in general, I would naturally not have called attention to their absence. I do not mean to infer by this that there are no morally-fit students at the school, for, in my five years there, I have had under my instruction as fine a type of manhood as I have ever taught or ever hope to teach. But we know that the majority of our boys have tendencies which can be checked only by the ideals which a school sets up and helps to work out for its students. It is not sufficient to have some boys in it with ideals that they themselves live up to; it is necessary for the school itself to have ideals that it lives up to. But the Carnegie Institute of Technology is incontrovertibly A School Without Ideals.

Consider, for example, the Poverty-Day Parade. Prizes are offered to those freshmen who best depict poverty in their costumes and make-up, and sometimes the prize goes to him who has no costume at all except the scantiest most suggestive covering possible. The reward of the winner is immunity from all the traditional restrictions which are imposed on the freshmen by upperclassmen. The idea of a competition in restrainlessness, not to mention the notion of freeing the most restraintless student from all further restraint, is—it must be admitted—a very demoralizing one and mighty bad stuff on which to nourish the minds of freshmen. Poverty Day at Carnegie Tech is nothing more than a day reserved for the celebration of Tech's moral indigence very meagerly "disguised" as pauperism.

The Poverty-Day Parade is no sooner over when preparations for Campus Week are under way. I have never witnessed the climax of this publicity generator, but just after leaving the meeting in President Hamerschlag's office on May 10th, 1922, I observed very attractive posters all over the campus (and particularly on the official bulletin boards) to the effect that Dean (of Men) Tarbell would be drunk and that Dean (of Women) Scales would "shimmy" at the Mardi Gras. This sort of advertising is no doubt encouraged by Dean Tarbell himself, who is Commander-in-Chief of all extra-curriculum activities. And yet it was at that very meeting that President Hamerschlag claimed my mind was "irrational" because I refused to admit that Dean Tarbell was a high-minded man. Hearsay has it that this dean allowed a student to go scot-free by considering the theft of an automobile as a joke. I believe the report thoroughly for the selfsame dean once 'phoned to me personally to inform my class that if the guilty student who had stolen another student's raincoat would return it to the dean's office, no further mention would be made of the fact and no action taken. Dean Tarbell is a Poverty-Day enthusiast. The president must have shown him my Poverty-Day letter, for shortly afterwards the Faculty Bulletin announced that Dean Tarbell was taken suddenly ill—a blood-vessel had burst in his head, incapacitating him for the rest of the college year. While my letter to the president probably furnished the bullet, the

president himself must plead guilty for the shooting.

The blame in nine cases out of ten for such moral laxity in a college must go to its president and is generally a reflection of his own sense of irresponsibility and lack of restraint. Boys, despite their immoral tendencies, can be inspired to live clean and honest lives if high examples are set before them not merely by a few classmates but by those more mature men in high offices. You may establish a Y. M. C. A. and a score of similar student organizations, but they all degenerate into mere shams as long as your institution is presided over by a man whose character is revealed by the fact that he appoints or uses his influence in having appointed directors who believe that "men must have vices before they can love one another," deans who permit petty crimes among the students to go unpunished and who gain publicity for the school by staging orgies that reek with vulgarity, health officers who preach that cigarettes are harmless, heads of departments who have no longer the desire or the ability to take an interest in anything other than their salaries, chairmen of scholarship committees who are so soft-hearted as to violate strictly the rules in your "White" Book in order to maintain a big enrollment without regard to quality, and finally—a faculty which is forced to give up its confidence in and to help oust the professor who strives to uphold a high moral standard in the student-body. Such are the conditions at the Carnegie Institute of Technology which is evidently badly in need of a thorough house-cleaning—a house-cleaning that will prove successful only if it is begun at the very top which is the source of all the evil.

Carnegie Tech is going down hill. Her only hope lies in ousting the man who is guiding her in that direction, and there are indications that he will be ousted. President Hamerschlag is considered a big man in Pittsburgh and is, I hear, "particularly popular with the ladies." That he is easily influenced by the latter is evident from the part in this affair which has been played by Mrs. Hamerschlag. But he is neither big nor popular on the campus of the institution over which he presides —neither in the eyes of the faculty nor in the eyes of the students. This fact is of course kept secret, but institutional disrespect for him is as general as it is suppressed. Occasionally it comes to the surface in a jocular manner as, for example, when an entertainment, attended by both faculty and undergraduates, depicts him flirting with a chorus girl, when everybody laughs—the president included.

Incidentally I might add that when I called at his office five years ago to ask for a position on the faculty of the school, I found him unreservedly, even boastfully, comparing, with a certain Professor of Psychology, the charms of the chorus girls in a musical comedy they had both seen the night before. I did not take it seriously at the time, but I naturally considered it a rather unusual topic of conversation for a college president and, for that reason, I was never quite able to expel the impression of the little tete-a-tete from my mind. In the meanwhile it has been recalled and nourished by hearsay and, in particular, by Professor Keller's claim that President Hamerschlag is sensual, which, when coupled with Director Day's own confession and philosophy, explains the love of these two latter men for each other. It is queer that President Hamerschlag is amused by his own cheap and foul reference to carnal matters but considers as "irrational" the mind of the man who writes him a serious letter in which the things of the flesh are

called by their perfectly proper names. He is undeniably not a clean-minded person capable of dealing plainly and seriously with the physical forces that ruin men, and it is not improbable that his wife's reference to *my* "perverted state of mind" is merely a perverted reference to the mind of her own husband who stubbornly refuses to think of sex in other than a vulgar or passionate sense. I have never yet heard him announce a marriage on the faculty without a suggestive grin. To me his face spells sensualism from ear to ear, and I cannot comprehend how any respectable girl on the Commencement stage could take a diploma from his hand without using it immediately afterwards to smite the voluptuous smile from his lips.

Dr. Thurstone of Tech's Department of Psychology makes a claim to the effect that "the mug has nothing to do with the nut." The publication of such a belief may be one way of diverting attention from very obvious indications of undesirable conduct; for I prefer to agree with Emerson that "men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement," although I realize that the faces appear more transparent to careful and competent observers than to those of lesser insight who must resort to fallible psychological tests. There are some, of course, who neither study the face nor use the test —some who actually know that others are immoral—some who can prove it conclusively and "swear to it before God." And yet it would not only pollute these pages but weaken my charges were I to publish the stories that some persons (who know) are anxious to tell me, although I would willingly believe every word. But there are some instances where it is far more effective and even more truthful to omit facts—to leave it to the reader's imagination. President Hamerschlag's physiognomy and the stand he has taken against virtue and morality in this whole affair—the greatest and most reliable of all psychological tests—are two keys which, when used together, should liberate the imagination to acts corroborated by every step he takes and by every breath he draws.

Immorality, however, is very, very common among men, and even the public knowledge of it would be the last reason for removing some of them from important offices—not, however, the office of educator. The low ideals and acts of a college president may be discussed seriously and secretly among both students and faculty, or even referred to humorously at public gatherings—but if the matter is once brought before the people seriously, out he goes.

Serious public discussion of the president's morals may be suppressed for diplomatic reasons; but there is another reason which accounts for suppression in this case. President Hamerschlag, as I have pointed out before, exercises a certain mesmeric power over practically all those who deal with him, by means of which he forces them to say or to leave unsaid just what he wants. His control over Professor Keller at the meeting in his office was complete and a conclusive indication of Professor Keller's mental debility. This mesmerism is quite similar to that by means of which some men and some women force others into sexual submission and is, therefore, particularly effective for suppressing exposes of sexual impurity. President Hamerschlag is not the first mesmerist with whom I have had to deal. I knew I could crush his power, and he knew that I would; otherwise, he would have enjoyed having me alone in his office—a thing which he feared from the first. To crush the

power of a mesmerist demands three things: mental determination, the moral courage to outgaze the cold gray stare of his dilated eyes, and the physical purity which indicates that one has never yielded to the three degrading masters—Nicotine, Alcohol and Prostitution.

What I had done led to a decided disclosure of the institute's disrespect for its president: on the part of the faculty by the utter omission of his name from a set of Resolutions drawn up to condemn "the direct charges and covert insinuations" against himself as well as against those mentioned; on the part of the students by their willingness to circulate a printed Letter in which he was called a contemptible hypocrite. Genuine loyalty for one's president would never have permitted these things. The circulation of the Letter alone, without the frantic efforts of a rabid French poodle, would have been more than enough to drive me out of my classroom and off the campus. Disrespect is a powerful force for driving over-placed men from office, but it must lose its suppressed form before it can become dynamic and effective. It must not remain in dark recesses where whispering conspirators lurk; it must find healthful expression in the whistling wind on a sun-lit hilltop, the roaring water in a clear mountain-torrent and the lusty cheers of inspired youths clamoring for the removal of all that is foul and unjust and for the advent of all that is clean and strong and right.

PART II

The printed letter which I had circulated was evidently shown to some persons other than those connected with the institute—or probably I myself had sent it to some person connected both with the institute and with a Newspaper, for a reporter from a Pittsburgh Paper called at my home, stating that the Paper thought I had a very good case against President Hamerschlag and asking both for additional information and for permission to publish it. I remained true to my promise and gave him neither, but I told him I would prepare my story and have it ready for his paper in case I did not receive a letter of reinstatement from the trustees on or before Commencement Day (June 16th, 1922). He said he doubted if the news item could be held that long, to which I responded that I could not prevent the Paper from printing it although I would certainly regret their doing so.

The appearance of the reporter was the first indication the members of the family had of my being involved in an affair, for I had kept it an absolute secret *outside of the institute*. But I felt they should be informed before seeing it in the papers, for I had visions of a sensational headline on the very morning of Tech's Commencement Day. I informed them and also requested them to say nothing of it to outsiders. I also wrote a letter to the editor of the Paper, thinking the reporter might not prove altogether reliable in conducting my sentiment to him. Since that letter contained much that is printed here, I shall avoid duplication by publishing only a part of it—my ardent request that no publicity be given to the matter before Commencement: "To do otherwise would be to spoil the Commencement Events, and I have too many friends among the seniors whose graduation days I do not wish to mar. It will be unfortunate enough to

make the matter public even after Commencement; but it is a thing which should be done, however reluctantly, to preserve the democratic character of higher learning in America. I shall work on the story to-morrow and have it ready for you in good time *in case I do not hear from the Trustees.''* I asked the editor to acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

The story I had intended to forward to the editor was the greater portion of Part I of this booklet. I did not, of course, expect him to publish all of it, but I wanted him to have my entire story in detail which he might condense for as much space as he cared to give it. I began the writing of Part I shortly after I had sent my letter to the editor, but I was not able to give it my undivided application until I had helped to complete the reading of the last set of examination papers and had turned in the final grades for my students. In the few days remaining before Commencement, I worked on my story constantly; I did not appear at the Commencement Exercises, partly because I wanted the extra time to finish it, chiefly because I did not care ever to march again in a procession led by a hypocrite of President Hamerschlag's caliber. The reader will observe that Part I was written to the effect that the letter had not been received from the trustees, although there was still a possibility of that letter arriving while I was writing the story. (I had however, at that time, turned in the keys to my classroom and to my desk at Director Day's request—written by Professor Keller; perhaps the president wanted to communicate this fact to the trustees.) I never for a moment stopped entertaining the thought that I was writing my story for the waste-basket, where it would have gone immediately after I had received favorable word from the Board. But the letter from the trustees came not before or on Commencement Day.

Nevertheless I did not send my story to the editor for no other reason than for the fact that he did not even acknowledge the receipt of my confidential letter. In this respect he was not unlike President Hamerschlag, and perhaps, like President Hamerschlag, he had not even regarded it as confidential. The fact that it was sent by registered mail was however, a sufficient guarantee that he had received it. The editor's disinclination to acknowledge my letter led me to doubt the sincerity of his Paper. I might add that a certain remark of the reporter had aroused my suspicion as to the real purpose of his visit. But in a case of this kind, one's suspicions are easily and often falsely aroused, and it is better neither to take them too seriously nor to ignore them altogether. However, no notice of any kind appeared in this particular or in any other Pittsburgh Paper. Perhaps the editor and the reporter, not having received my story, thought I had been reinstated. Perhaps? But I would rather believe that they knew more of the other side than I did, for newspaper men are sometimes members of the Board of Trustees.

PART III

In my printed Letter I had given the trustees until Commencement Day to reinstate me; the fact that I had received no word from them by that time relieved me of my promise to keep the matter a public secret. I would willingly have given Part I of this booklet to a reliable newspaper immediately after Commencement, and I owe it to the seemingly unreliable

one that I would have had it ready for the asking. But I had not, in my printed Letter, specified how or when I would publish my story. I had, in fact, not thought of the newspapers at all as my first medium for publicity; it was my original intention to publish my story in pamphlet-form to be circulated at American institutions of learning not immediately after the Tech Commencement, when our colleges and universities either had closed or were about to close, but at the opening of the next college-year in the Fall of 1922.

And that is why I laid my story aside after Commencement and left for the countryside.

The countryside! The countryside and its great free meadows of waving green, fragrant with clover, vibrant with whistling quail and bumble-bees, and foaming with innumerable daisies! An azure sky with snowy clouds, following a stormy one with veins of fire! Oceans of fresh air which has been purified by the restless wind and triumphant thunder, mellowed by the sun's golden shine and cooled by gentle rains and silver starlight! There I was, shut off from all communication with the Carnegie Institute of Technology: no telephone—not even a newspaper. Nevertheless, despite the absence of radio-equipment, I received numerous messages in the very top of a cherry tree whose branches, with the occasional but insignificant help from a friendly blackbird, I was relieving of their weight of scarlet fruit. There is no better place to communicate with the Almighty Lover of Truth and Justice than in the solitude of His great out-of-doors devoid of all the inventions of man.

After a week's sojourn, I returned to my desk with new messages and inspirations to revise and invigorate the writing of my story—in particular, those parts in which I had upbraided President Hamerschlag. On the evening of June 27th, 1922, I had practically completed Part I as it is printed in this booklet. I did not know that the Trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Technology were holding a meeting that same evening, for since my departure before Commencement absolutely no communication had passed between myself and any one connected with the school. It may be true, however, that the human brain can serve as an "instrument" both for broadcasting and for receiving messages. Mrs. Hamerschlag had written to me "how husband appears so harassed at times," and Director Day had told me that the president was "very much worried over my letter;" my second registered letter, in which I said I was going to prove that he "should be ousted as President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology," may therefore have thrown his mind into a final, particularly receptive state for telepathic purposes, all the more so because he had shown it freely to others. Whether or not it is possible for one human mind to read the thoughts of another before they are published, the fact is that on the morning of June 28th, 1922, the Pittsburgh Papers announced that Dr. Hamerschlag had quit as President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

At the same meeting the trustees retired Dr. Holland, Head of the Carnegie Museum, and Director Beatty of the Department of Fine Arts, "following the precedents set by Harvard, Yale and the University of Pittsburgh, as all of those institutions had recently retired their presidents with the rank of Emeritus." Both of these men had passed the age of seventy years. The fact that the trustees referred to the retiring of college presidents in connection with the retirement of these directors enabled one to read between the lines and formulate a more intimate view of the meet-

ing of the Board; for President Hamerschlag was the only one of the three whose "retirement" suggested the analogy, but he is too young a man to be compared with Hadley or Eliot, although it is a question whether or not the minds of these men are still better fitted for the position of a college executive than President Hamerschlag's mind was or ever will be.

In connection with President Hamerschlag's resignation, President Church of the Board of Trustees said:

"The trustees acted with great reluctance in accepting Dr. Hamerschlag's resignation as president of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Dr. Hamerschlag has for the past three years been desirous of being relieved from his position as head of the technical schools but has been urged by members of our board to continue in that capacity until certain formative plans in connection with the school, which he himself had inaugurated, could be carried to completion. Last winter when Dr. Hamerschlag again brought up the question of his resignation, the board unanimously granted him four months' leave of absence with permission to take a trip abroad, with the hope that he might then be prevailed upon to continue in his present task, but he has received so many tempting offers to make other connections, which will not only give him larger financial rewards but will enable him to be relieved of the arduous labors of school work, that he has left the board no other alternative than to break the official ties at this time."

I should like to state a few facts to be considered collaterally with these statements by President Church.

Of course it would have been very convenient for President Hamerschlag to have resigned three years ago, for it was just at that time made known that he had become an annuitant by Andrew Carnegie's will. But I am not so certain that President Hamerschlag would have acquiesced to resignation then for any other reason—on the contrary, I believe he would have been quite reluctant to do so. But I know that there were reasons why others at that time wanted not only his resignation but even his dismissal in case the former could not be tactfully brought about.

It was three years ago that the big campaign for increasing teachers' salaries were being conducted and when the Faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology all but went on a strike, one professor going so ridiculously far as to claim that his salary was too low to enable him to buy a pair of good shoes. The faculty meetings grew so spirited in those days that newspaper reporters were seeking admittance and special "detectives" had to be appointed to keep out the disguised intruders. It was finally necessary for President Hamerschlag to appear in person, and, after forcibly prohibiting any one (not only newspaper reporters but even the faculty secretary) from recording his words, he promised salaries as high as those paid at any other technical school. "There was a time," he said, "when I had simply to ask one man—my friend, Mr. Carnegie—for funds and receive any amount I desired." Mr. Carnegie's death had occured just a few months before this, and he had not willed anything directly to Carnegie Tech, leaving her future endowment in the hands of the Carnegie Corporation. But President Hamerschlag found it a different matter dealing with the Carnegie Corporation. In fact the Carnegie Corporation in New York refused to deal with him until they had made a survey of the school at Pittsburgh. One result of the survey was that the School of Applied Psychology became a mere Department, although President Angell of the

Corporation was himself a pyschologist, and Professor Bingham who was Director of the School is one of his disciples. But President Hamerschlag had been inveigled into squandering money by others than his pet psychologists with the result that more than one of the institute's essential interests and purposes had to suffer; and finally, when the Corporation did furnish additional funds, they were used, among other things, to buy such immediate necessities as crayon and blue books, and teachers' salaries were comparatively neglected. But such details were hushed and smoothed over, and President Hamerschlag was sent away to recuperate. It is interesting to note how President Church says that President Hamerschlag had "been urged by *members of the board* to continue" but that "*the board unanimously* granted him four months' leave of absence."

When President Hamerschlag returned from abroad after Tech was again on her feet financially, he had no intention of resigning. You may think I am very bold to contradict the president of the Board of Trustees in this matter, but I happen to know more than President Church in this particular instance, and I have it in black and white from one who knows Dr. Hamerschlag far better than President Church knows him. At the meeting in the president's office on May 10th, 1922 (the meeting which I did not wish to attend), he informed me that there were no secrets between him and his wife. Hence we may accept as true the following statement in Mrs. Hamerschlag's answer to my Poverty-Day letter (the italics being mine):

"Happily the great desire toward righteousness pervades all like God's sunshine, and my husband realizing this, will smile and *go forward with his work*, thankful for the cooperation of those who know that big work can be done by kindly and constructive criticism."

It was this paragraph that I had inscribed in the copy of my play *The Great Reliever*, which I sent to Mrs. Hamerschlag.

Does this authentic statement sound as though the President had intended to resign?

Much as my first letter worried the president, I did not think my second registered letter would increase his worry to the degree that necessitated resignation almost immediately after he had presented the last diploma on the stage at Carnegie Music Hall. The mere knowledge that I was making a study of him seemed to be sufficient proof of his own guilt to himself. And yet I should have known he would lack the courage to face his faculty in the Fall of 1922 after they had read Part I of this booklet. He must have suffered a veritable hell, thinking I might possibly publish something before he stepped out on the Commencement stage. Perhaps that "newspaper reporter" was sent by him to reconnoitre; if so, how it must have strengthened him to read the letter I had written to the editor!

And yet it will be considered "viciously low" to regard Mrs. Hamerschlag's letter as an "official" communication. So let us forget personal letters and accept President Church's official truth that "Dr. Hamerschlag has for the past three years been desirous of being relieved from his position as the head of the Technical Schools" and that he "left the Board no other alternative than to break the official ties at this time." In other words, let us believe faithfully that President Hamerschlag had fully intended to resign on July 1st, 1922—the exact date when his resignation took place.

But let us also make use of this official truth in a further analysis of

President Hamerschlag's character:

It was just a little more than two months before July 1st, 1922, that he returned from Europe and received my Poverty-Day letter. Previous to the receipt of this letter, neither President Hamerschlag nor Director Day nor Professor Keller had said a word to indicate my "unfitness" to teach at the institute. On the contrary there had been every indication of the very opposite sentiment. I had received the regular annual increase in salary each successive year (without demanding it or in any way expressing dissatisfaction along that line), and had been promoted to the rank of assistant professor. Just a short while before the president returned, I had received a letter from Director Day congratulating me on the good work done by my students during the first semester of 1921-22, and at the risk of being considered an egotist I am going to add that it had come to me indirectly that my students regarded the quality of my teaching as the best in the school. (I, of course, am not of this opinion, but at this point my own opinion would be irrelevant.) In contrast to all this, I should like to state that during the last year (1921-22) other instructors in the department were under fire, both by students and by the faculty for the poor quality of their instructing, and their dismissal was being contemplated. The blame for such conditions, however, should go not so much to these instructors as to Professor Keller's indifference toward obtaining men of the right caliber and his usual delay in trying to get them at the eleventh hour when, owing to the scarcity of college teachers during the war and to the fact that other wide-awake Heads had already contracted for their services, it was necessary for him to lure instructors away from the High Schools by offering them salaries above those received by the regular men on his staff with advanced degrees and years of experience in teaching at other institutions of higher learning. And, mark you, one of these very men was retained (and at a still higher salary, I believe) after his dismissal had been agreed upon—while I was dismissed after I was told there had been no question whatever when my name was reached on the list of candidates for the coming year.

But we are forgetting that my dismissal was due, not to my inability to teach Mathematics, but to my "mental irrationality." However, my "irrational" interest in the moral welfare of American college students should have been well-known to President Hamerschlag and Director Day and Professor Keller long before I displayed it in my Poverty-Day letter. I had earlier sent copies of my books or pamphlets to Director Day and Professor Keller and had sent them to President Hamerschlag even before I had entered the Carnegie Institute of Technology, giving him ample chance to discover my "irrationality" then, and to use it effectively in disapproving of my admission. But perhaps President Hamerschlag did not read the books: and yet when he acknowledged the receipt of one of them he said he had heard good things of it and he told me later he had given his copy to an undergraduate to help settle a question about certain fraternity matters. About two years ago, President Hamerschlag addressed his faculty and announced that he thought the time was ripe for moral and religious progress at the institute, and I was asked to serve on a committee to inaugurate a morning chapel service. (I declined on the ground that the Lord's Prayer was not a thing to be sandwiched between two cigarettes.) Finally, just before sailing to Europe, the president 'phoned to have me call at his office. I was unable to do so immediately,

but his secretary later informed me that he had wanted to thank me personally for the pamphlet I had sent him at Christmas time explaining the good my books had accomplished for Yale and other colleges.

Then came President Hamerschlag's return from abroad and my expression of disgust at his participation in the vulgar Poverty Day Parade —he who thought the time was ripe for moral progress. The story from here on has been related in detail, including the part played by Mrs. Hamerschlag. My letters to the president and his wife denote no more "mental irrationality" than do my books along the same line of thought —books which President Hamerschlag had recommended by giving them to his students to read. The absurdity of my dismissal on the ground of "mental irrationality" must by this time be tiresomely evident to the reader. The thing which had harassed and worried the president and his wife was not the "mental irrationality" of the critic, but the fact that his criticism had been directed against them personally.

Now if President and Mrs. Hamerschlag had not intended to sever connections with the institute, I can understand how their irritation, due originally to my criticism and renewed ever afterwards by my presence, would have marred the pleasure of their participation in the school's affairs, even though my criticism was not made publicly and even though they had decided to preserve its private nature. But we have been informed officially that President Hamerschlag had intended to resign on July 1st, 1922. Now if I had made my criticism public and made it against his will, I can well see how it might have been considered dishonorable for him not to expell me, even though he had to serve but two more months as chief executive. But my criticism was made privately and at his own invitation. This, however, is no reason why it should not have irritated him—in fact, criticism is ineffective unless it does irritate—but could he not have suffered his invited irritation secretly for the short period of two months and shown a broad interest in the school's welfare by not dismissing a professor whose past record had been not only satisfactory but also beneficial? Does his action indicate a deep impersonal concern over the future of the school he had intended to quit, or does it show absolute disregard for the welfare of the school under a new executive? Does it not, above all, reveal a low selfish desire for personal revenge inflamed by his wife—a desire anxiously seeking gratification in the short time still remaining to exercise his authority before impotence descended upon him?

President Hamerschlag's resignation not only exposes new defects in his character but proves and intensifies my earlier charges. It is clear that he was interested in the Carnegie Institute of Technology only as long as he was, at the same time, working for his own purse and glory. As President Church says, he was ready to resign when he "received so many tempting offers to make other connections which will not only give him larger financial rewards but will enable him to be relieved of the arduous tasks of school work." Sacrifice and unselfish deeds he shunned; even an act of omission which would have meant prosperity and progress for the school but displeasure to himself was out of the question. Whatever good he did for the Carnegie Institute of Technology in her prime (when Mr. Carnegie was always willing to forgive seemingly unavoidable blunders and to cover them over with additional funds), the deliberate harm done by the manner of his exit will veil that good in permanent oblivion; for it will doubtless be necessary to substitute for the laurel wreath (which, in one of

his recent Commencement addresses, he conceitedly claimed would be placed in his niche) a perpetual burning candle—of sulphur.

PART IV

When the trustees announced the resignation of President Hamerschlag, they also announced the appointment of Secretary Baker as acting-president.

Secretary Baker had not been with the institute very long. If I recollect rightly I have had but one very short conversation with him. But I have seen him very frequently; and if a man's face (when there is no cigar in it) is an index to his character, Acting-President Baker should make an executive much superior to Ex-President Hamerschlag. But Secretary Baker was also a victim of President Hamerschlag's mesmerism; it may be, of course, that the former was merely feigning obedience and and reserving his own ideas for the time when he would occupy the position to which this very obedience would promote him. But the fact remains that Secretary Baker acted very conservatively under President Hamerschlag's régime—in particular, during his leave of absence. I do not believe Secretary Baker sanctioned the Poverty-Day Parade; yet he did nothing to stop it or to limit its viciousness. But when the faculty passed Resolutions condemning *my* "viciousness," Secretary Baker attended the meeting as President Hamerschlag's undisguised spy. However, all of this, for diplomatic purposes, was probably more or less necessary, and now that he had been officially relieved of further submission to such a master and had become acting-president himself, I had a splendid chance to ascertain his real character by testing his independence.

But it was just as splendid a chance for Acting-President Baker as it was for myself. If, as Secretary, he had withheld his desire to improve the institution, to do some house-cleaning himself and to usher in new ideals, he now had not only the freedom but a golden opportunity—the kind that comes but once in a lifetime—to do so. The step would require courage (for many heads would oppose it), but courage is the one thing that instrinsically fosters progress. However necessary the appearance of this little booklet seems to the welfare and progress of Higher Education in America, its suppression by the author himself (not by outside forces) would have completely regenerated one educational institution in particular: for that suppression could not possibly have been brought about except by reinstating him—the only act that would have indelibly indicated to the students and the faculty that the school had reinstated the ideals for which he had been dismissed. Of course I had set Commencement Day as the latest date on which I would accept reinstatement by the trustees, but I did not, at the time, realize the institution would be placed under a new head so soon thereafter. So I broke my resolve in consideration of Tech's new executive, who alone could effectively lead a movement for my return if he really desired it.

On Independence Day, 1922, I wrote Acting-President Baker a long letter. I shall not publish it *in toto* since it contains much detail that has already been printed here, but I shall condense its argument as follows: that my printed Letter was true, that it was needed to show the trustees, the faculty and the students the shallow reasons for my dismissal

and the unfitness of the judges who perpetrated it, that I had not sent out copies of the Letter indiscriminately to injure the school's public reputation, that I firmly believed that both students and faculty in general disapproved of their president's action, that the indirect expression of seeming approval by the faculty had been obtained in a forced and underhand way to influence the trustees, that the trustees therefore did not reinstate me before Commencement, that I did therefore intend (according to my Letter) to air the injustice publicly, that the publication was providentally withheld until the president's resignation and his own appointment as acting-president were announced, that the publication would be a disastrous introductory blow to Carnegie Tech under his guidance, that Dr. Hamerschlag's recommendation was now no longer necessary, that my past record and advancement at the school were sufficient recommendation, that I would be delighted to have my "irrational mind" submit to a comparative examination with the "rational mind" that had ousted me, that the whole matter could then be adjusted and that the only knowledge of the adjustment (as far as its coming from me was concerned) would be my reappearance in the classrooms at the opening of the Fall term, but that I would accept reinstatement only on the condition that it be preceded by either the resignation or the dismissal of both Professor Keller and Director Day, that I was willing to wait until September 1st, 1922, for a decision, that if I heard on or before that time a decision unfavorable to the intellectual and moral welfare of Carnegie Tech, I would do my share to put her off the map of Pittsburgh.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

July 6th, 1922.

My dear Dr. Gundelfinger:

I acknowledge your registered letter of July fourth and the package of books you sent to me at the Pittsburgh Athletic Association.

The Board of Trustees has already sanctioned the action of Dr. Hamerschlag in not asking you to return next year to the institute. I am therefore not in a position to ask them to reconsider this question. Furthermore, as contracts have already been given to Director Day and Professor Keller for next year it would be quite impossible for me to demand their withdrawal.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS S. BAKER.

The fact that Acting-President Baker answered my letter almost immediately shows that he could not have passed it around to several others, but must have acted entirely on his own responsibility, which, however, was the only (if any) responsibility needed for such an answer. But his promptness in answering also indicates that he wanted to get the matter off his hands as quickly as possible. I had given him two months time in which to make a decision. If he had had the slightest desire to see me reinstated, he would have taken advantage of this long interval for deliberation, taking into account the possibility of happenings and developments in the meanwhile which might have lessened opposition and even changed it into favor either voluntary or compulsory. If, however, Acting-President Baker was

absolutely in favor of my not returning or if he considered my return quite impossible under any circumstances whatever, then his immediate answer was commendable—and considerate in that it relieved me of two months of suspense. That Dr. Baker had no genuine desire to have me return is evident from his remark: "I am therefore not in a position to ask them (the trustees) to reconsider this question." For if men's hearts desire things, they soon manage to get in a position to ask even though they may not receive. Dr. Baker tried to make my return seem also impossible on account of my own stipulations, but I object to his expression: "impossible for me to demand their (Director Day's and Professor Keller's) withdrawal." I did not specify how these two men were to be removed from office, and the last method I would have suggested would have been to *demand* their withdrawal. I believe Professor Keller could easily have been persuaded to retire owing to his age and general debility, and I know Director Day could have been persuaded to resign for he told his faculty in the Fall of 1921 that he *would* resign if conditions did not improve—and God (if no one else) knows they haven't and couldn't under his guidance. In fact I was told Director Day was contemplating to resign in June, 1922, and I believe it will be a source of life-long regret to him that he didn't. To me, Dr. Baker's letter clearly indicates unwillingness to have me return, although he does not say so openly. This unwillingness is due both to a lingering respect for Dr. Hamerschlag and perhaps to a view of having the adjective removed from his own title.

But while Dr. Baker's letter had failed to reveal the character and the independence which I had anticipated, it was a very welcome letter otherwise in that it enlightened me officially in regard to two matters on which I had had, up to that time, no definite information.

One of these was the attitude of the trustees. I did not know definitely if they had sanctioned President Hamerschlag's action in dismissing me. Of course (according to my printed Letter) the fact that I had not heard from them was a sufficient indication. Nevertheless, even an unfavorable actual reply from the trustees would have been honorable and appreciated, for I knew my printed Letter to them had not been officially ignored; it had indeed come to me indirectly and accidentally that the trustees, at a meeting before Commencement, had decided to stand by the president. However, until I had received Dr. Baker's letter, I had no way of proving by black and white that I had actually been dismissed. Unless I had received some official notice of this, I would not have been entirely willing to publish this booklet. Furthermore, in my registered letter to President Hamerschlag I had promised that "my study (of him) shall not be made public until I have been notified officially of my dismissal," and in my printed Letter I had stated explicitly that I did not consider his own action and notice as final. I wanted to live up to all my promises, and I have. To me these things were all essential, however trivial and trying they may appear to the reader.

The second matter cleared officially by Dr. Baker's letter was the information that both Director Day and Professor Keller had been given their contracts. If these two men had no longer been connected with the institute when this booklet first appeared, it would have rendered the situation rather flat. From all appearances, President Hamerschlag recommended both of them for another year before he himself resigned. I am much amused at this fact when I think of President Hamerschlag's reasons for

not being able to recommend me and when I think of the confession made before him by Director Day and of the opinions of the president held by Professor Keller.

The appointment of Professor Keller to continue as Head of the Department of Mathematics leaves that department with a very uninspiring leader; and its members, even though several of them are new men, will, despite all efforts to suppress my earlier published attack on him, soon discover his short-comings and, if they possess any merit and vigor whatever, gradually become dissatisfied and disinterested. Students under his direct instruction will acquire his nonchalant mood. Professor Keller, however, will not encourage immorality; neither will he make any effort to stamp it out.

But in reappointing Director Day, President Hamerschlag has seen to it that the moral laxity, which he favors, will be perpetuated after his resignation. Director Day's supreme position for exerting a great influence on the student-life of the entire institute is undeniable. There are four schools of undergraduates at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Although the schools are distinct in themselves and become more and more distinct in their educational aims as their courses advance, nevertheless the freshmen and even the sophomores in each school take some common subjects as Mathematics, English, History, Languages, Physical Training, etc. which are grouped as General Studies. Those who teach these General Studies constitute a fifth faculty whose members, while they teach in all four schools, are not engaged by the directors of these schools but by Director Day of the Faculty of General Studies. While Director Day has no students under his direct supervision, he is responsible for the selection of this group of teachers who instruct the students in all four schools and (note this particularly) instruct them when they are freshmen and most susceptible to impressions which will affect the rest of their college life and their life after graduation. Establish as many religious customs and activities as you will, it is through the regular compulsory daily attendance in the classroom that youth can be and is most effectively influenced by ideal instructors who have sterling moral qualities in addition to scholarly ones. That Director Day is entirely unfit to select teachers for these important positions I have already pointed out; and no one can claim more authentically than myself that he actually favors and works to bring about the dismissal of those teachers who attempt to counteract the influence of his own degrading "ideals."

All of this was pointed out in my letter to Acting-President Baker. He has seemingly ignored it. Why, then, did I not make a final appeal by sending an official letter directly to the trustees? Because official appeals to the trustees should come through the president of the school; furthermore, whether the appeal was to be official or otherwise, I felt it would be effective only if it came to them through and endorsed by the *new* executive. I had already communicated directly with the trustees: I had sent each one of them not only a copy of my printed Letter, but also circulars explaining the good reform work I had helped to accomplish for Yale—circulars containing words of recognition and appreciation from the Trustees of Yale herself. Futhermore some of the Tech Trustees are Yale graduates, and my name and aim need no introduction or explanation to a single alumnus of my Alma Mater. My direct appeal to the Trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Technology could not have been stronger.

At the same time, I am not claiming that I should have been their sole source of information representing the other side in this affair. If the trustees had been wide-awake they would have observed what other college presidents were saying at the very time when they themselves were agreeing with President Hamerschlag. They should have considered the matter in its relation to other institutions and not with reference to Carnegie Tech as a unit in itself. President Angell of Yale, President Lowell of Harvard and President Hibben of Princeton in their baccalaureate sermons in June 1922 were all preaching against the moral laxity in our colleges and universities, while President Hamerschlag and the Tech Trustees were upholding it. The campaign of the Big Three was the subject of articles in various periodicals at the time. Perhaps the special article by President Butler of Columbia University in the *Pittsburgh Sunday Dispatch* (July 9th, 1922) came a little too late, but it must have given the Tech Trustees and Acting-President Baker and Dr. Hamerschlag food for reflection. The main headline of this article was: Modern Education Fails. Among the sub-headlines were the following: Every Country, and Especially America, Is Suffering Now Because Maturity Is Misleading Youth—Graduated Youths Are Ill Prepared for Life Work—Education Has Turned From Paths of Wisdom Into Those of Crude Sensualism—This Year's Classes, Just Sent Into World, Badly Treated by Their Elders. Certainly *Maturity misleading Youth into the Path of Crude Sensualism* would have been an exquisite title for the picture of President Hamerschlag at the head of the Poverty-Day Parade.

Another direction in which the Tech Trustees showed blindness was the present crusade limiting and barring the Jews in and from American colleges. I should like to say that some of the brightest, cleanest and most mannerly persons with whom I, in my educational experiences, have come in contact both in the classroom and on the faculty, have been of Jewish descent. I cannot, however, say this concerning Dr. Hamerschlag. I must also add that I have had to deal with some Jews who were stupid or tricky, and unclean—unclean mentally, morally and physically; but their condition was not due solely to the fact that they were Jews (as some "leaders" in thought would have us believe.) Such characteristics are also only too frequent among the Gentiles. After all, should our colleges not strive to attract and retain the exceptional man irrespective of his race or nationality, unless he himself is, in addition, a chauvinist. I fear it will be a false step with our so-called democratic colleges if they attempt to close their doors to all Jews rather than only to undesirable individuals; but I know it cannot be other than a fatal blow to that particular American institution whose trustees have sanctioned the action of a non-Christian president with low ideals in ousting a non-Semitic reformer from his faculty.

One naturally gets the idea that the Tech Trustees are narrow. The only redeeming feature of their action is the possibility that it was not unanimous. When one glances through the list of names on the Board, one observes men of unusual vision among them, but the action taken by the trustees as a Board shows these to be in the minority. I have had the opportunity to meet or to hear a few of these gentlemen whom, from their appearance and speech, I would rate below my better freshmen in the quality of their intelligence. Even President Church himself lacks that superior intellect and respect for truth that his honorary degree from Yale would seem to indicate.

Dr. Hamerschlag shrewdly brought up the matter of my dismissal at an earlier meeting of the Board than that at which he announced his intention to resign immediately. If he had mentioned both subjects at the same meeting and in reverse order, the trustees might have acted differently. But even so, they should have had vision enough to foresee it all and to be guided by bigger principles rather than to be swayed by a mesmerist. The most unfortunate thing, however, is that they are still under his influence even though he has resigned. Note the following announcement of President Church:

"In appointing Dr. Baker as acting-president of the Institute of Technology, the Board is making temporary provision so as to conserve the work which has been done heretofore under Dr. Hamerschlag's direction, and there will be no changes in the policy of the school except perhaps to place a little more emphasis upon the spiritual and literary side of the educational course."

Unless the word spiritual (i. e. religious) here implies the forgiving of sin (of which forgiving there is already too much at Carnegie Tech), the promise of "a little more emphasis on the spiritual side" is blasphemy. For there can be no genuine spiritual side without a moral foundation, and it is idiotic to attempt the establishment of a moral foundation under a director of general studies who believes that men must have vices before they can love one another—even though he is descended from Christian ministers.

I hope I have made it clear that, as far as his influence is concerned, Dr. Hamerschlag still is and will continue to be President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in spite of his resignation. Call it what you will, his is a mysterious power which dominates every one in the school from the incoming freshman to the President of the Board of Trustees who make every effort to perpetuate his domination by ousting those who are too strong morally and too honorable to submit to his desires. He is, of course, thoroughly disliked and disrespected, more so now because he has withdrawn, but nevertheless he still holds sway. The students of his school may love and cheer the reformer, but they unconsciously reveal the deeper influence of their former president by hating reform. He has forced the trustees to lie in defense of his rottenness. For them to admit the truth now would mean not only his—their king's—disgrace, but also their own. Hence they will select the other alternative: to continue to lie and lie and lie under his complete hypnotic subjection—even after his death, just as Quasimodo clung to the yellow skeleton of Esmeralda.

PART V.

Retrospection and Prophecy

I was born in Pittsburgh.

Up until the time I entered college, I had received all my education in Pittsburgh.

After graduating from the Pittsburgh Central High School in the Spring of 1903, I entered Yale in the Fall of the same year. But I had no sooner completed a three year's undergraduate course at Yale when I received the following letter:

YALE CLUB
30 West 44th Street
New York City

July 5th, 1906.

Mr. G. F. Gundelfinger,
Dear Sir:

Your name has been given me by Mr. Marvin, Registrar at New Haven, as one who might be interested in a position as Assistant to the Registrar at the Carnegie Technical Schools in Pittsburgh. There is a vacancy of this sort at present existing, paying about $65.00 per month with good prespects of promotion if satisfactory service is rendered. If you feel disposed to look into the matter, application should be made at the schools at Pittsburgh, Pa., Schenley Park.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM P. FIELD, Assistant Secretary.

Carnegie Tech was then only one year old.

But I had planned to return to Yale on a scholarship to continue the study of Mathematics in the Graduate School. In three more years (1909), I took my doctorate and was appointed instructor at New Haven for the year following. I continued to instruct there until the Spring of 1913 when I had reached the maximum salary which Yale at that time paid to her instructors, and I resigned partly because there was no further promotion in sight for the immediate future.

The newspapers had it that I was dismissed for having published my play, *The Ice Lens*, and that I had written the play because I was disgruntled for personal reasons. But the truth of the matter is that I had begun writing the play in 1911, and the manuscript was being read by managers on Broadway at a time when I was being advanced as rapidly as Yale had ever advanced an inexperienced instructor. I was entirely satisfied with my lot, but completely dissatisfied with the lot (?) of others around me —the living conditions among the married instructors owing to meagre salaries and the low morale of student life owing to the fact that the faculty interest in research had for financial reasons rather than voluntarily superseded their interest in the moral and intellectual welfare of the classroom. Furthermore the play appeared in print *after* I had handed in my resignation. It was published in February, 1913, and I not only continued to teach at the university for four more months, facing severe criticism, but even lived during that period as proctor in the fraternity house whose very inmates I had censured in my play. The newspapers were wrong, and I hope they will now correct the false impression.

However, the *Yale Alumni Weekly* refused to mention or advertise *The Ice Lens*—a fact which made me more determined to give further publicity to Yale's faults. In fact, my second book was well under way before I left the university. It might appear to some that I had resigned because I feared to publish a second book and still remain on the campus. This was not so. I have no time for courage of the ostentatious variety and felt that my lack of fear was made evident enough by the appearance of my first book in the middle of the year I resigned. Furthermore, I myself would have considered it very unfair to accept another year's salary —no matter how small—from the very institution I was so heartlessly criticising. My second book—*Ten Years at Yale*—was completed in the

Fall of 1913 but did not make its sensational appearance in print until 1915: "The most amazing arraignment of Yale or any other university ever published!"

I had complimentary copies of *Ten Years at Yale* sent to the presidents of both the advanced educational institutions of Pittsburgh: the University and the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

In 1916 I published my third book—*The New Fraternity*—a novel of university life, much of which was founded on my experiences at Yale although the name Yale did not appear anywhere on its pages. The novel received scarcely any mention in the press and no sensational mention whatever, probably because it had not been directed against any one particular institution but all American institutions of higher learning in general. I wanted the book to have an audience outside of Yale.

I wrote to the Registrar (now Dean Tarbell) of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, asking permission to advertise my book among the students, and he sent me a register to be used as a mailing list. I also sent a complimentary copy of the novel to President Hamerschlag, and he acknowledged the receipt of it in the following letter:

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

February 24th, 1917.

My dear Mr. Gundelfinger:

Thank you very much for sending me a copy of "The New Fraternity." I hope that I may have an opportunity to read it at an early date. I have heard good words for it. After I have read your book, I shall write you again.

Very sincerely yours,
ARTHUR A. HAMERSCHLAG.

President Hamerschlag, however, did not "write again" concerning the book.

In the meanwhile war was raging in Europe, and the United States was gradually being drawn into the conflict. Registration Day in June, 1917, found me in the hospital recovering from an operation for acute appendicitis, early symptoms of which manifested themselves in New Haven while I was writing *The Ice Lens*. The remarks about the war and other things I had heard and seen and experienced at the hospital, together with a writer's talent for rearranging them and adding more imaginative material, inspired me to construct another play, *The Great Reliever*—my first digression from books of a purely academic nature. I wrote the play at home while I was convalescing and sent the manuscript to David Belasco as soon as I had completed it.

BELASCO THEATRE
New York City

September 19th, 1917.

Dear Sir:

The manuscript of your play The Great Reliever was returned to you on September 12th by Adams Express Company, collect, and is evidently in your hands by now.

Yours very truly,
THOMAS A. CURRY.

The returned manuscript was stowed away in my desk and not sent out again until it was published in 1922. Shortly after Belasco returned my play, I wrote to President Hamerschlag:

October 9th, 1917.

My dear Dr. Hamerschlag:

Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you personally, I feel that I have been introduced through the books I have sent or have had sent to you. I refer to *Ten Years at Yale* and *The New Fraternity* in which I have attempted to express my views (not necessarily unchangeable) on certain phases of university life.

Since I left Yale in 1913 I have not been directly associated with the college world but have spent the intervening years in reading, writing, publishing and other activities in which I have been self-directed after ten years of instruction from and to others. In doing so, I feel that I have lifted myself out of the somewhat narrow rut of specializing along mathematical lines, and I should now like to return to educational work in a broader sense—not necessarily teaching but some position which would enable me to come in contact with youth in the making—a contact which I have always enjoyed in the past and which I am regretfully missing at present.

If there should be an opening of this kind at the Carnegie Technical Schools in the future, near or far, I should indeed appreciate your considering my eligibility.

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE FREDERICK GUNDELFINGER.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

October 11th, 1917.

My dear Mr. Gundelfinger:

In response to your letter of October 9th, 1917, I regret that owing to decreased registration no opening in our organization, such as you describe, is at the present time available for your consideration.

At your convenience I should be glad to have you telephone this office to arrange an interview. I will then be in a better position to keep you advised of any opening which may occur, due to unexpected call to Government service of members of our staff.

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR A. HAMERSCHLAG.

An interview was arranged for. It was the interview preceded by the president's tete-a-tete about chorus girls with another professor of his faculty to which I have referred earlier. After the professor's departure, the president spoke of various things: He mentioned the school's effort to obtain my service in 1906 after I had graduated from Yale; he mentioned my book *The New Fraternity*, stating he had loaned it to one of the students to help settle a certain fraternity affair; he spoke (very unintelligently I thought) about play-writing and play-producing in connection with the School of Design; and he emphasized (by considerable

and peculiar use of his eyes) his 100% Americanism by claiming that all other interests of the institute would be sacrificed for Government Service if the War demanded it. The interview ended in arranging a time for another interview with Professor Keller so that he also might "look me over."

A few days later when I called at the appointed time, Professor Keller had "forgotten all about it." A second appointment was necessary. As a result I received a contract as part-time instructor in Mathematics in the Night School of Applied Science for a very limited period. A month later I received an additional contract to instruct Professor Keller's own students in the Day School, owing to his departure for the south. The latter contract extended from January first to the end of the first semester. I was glad for the opportunity to instruct the Day Students, for those in the Night School, although very desirous to learn, are too often without the requisite ability. The impression made by my instruction is recorded in the following letter:

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Schenley Park
Pittsburgh

February 14h, 1918.

Dear Sir:

The members of the Mathematical Department of the School of Applied Science desire to express to you their appreciation of the assistance you rendered the Department last semester.

The unexpected absence of Professor Keller produced a situation which would have been very difficult to handle but for the prompt and efficient way in which you assumed the work. We realize that it was a task to which you gave considerable thought and attention and we assure you that we are deeply gratified for the aid.

The letter was signed by all the members in the Department of Mathematics and by Director Mott of the Science School.

I was, of course, anxious to continue teaching at the school, but there seemed to be no further opportunity during the rest of the college year, although Director Mott, in a later letter, wrote: "I am strongly of the opinion that there will be one or two vacancies in the Mathematical Department before next Fall, and I shall gladly recommend your name to Dean Tarbell (who preceded Director Day as Head of the newly inaugurated "Fifth Faculty") for consideration in connection with those vacancies should they occur."

In the meanwhile there had been a vacancy in the Department of Mathematics at the University of Pittsburgh and with the mutual consent of Dean Fetterman and Director Mott I received a contract to teach part-time at the University until June 1918. It happened that the times in the two contracts over-lapped and for several weeks I was teaching at both institutions, crossing the Panther Hollow Bridge at a terrific speed between recitations.

At that time the conditions at the University of Pittsburgh, as compared with Tech's material equipment, were very bad. I did my instructing in a small hut temporarily and cheaply constructed on the side of the

hill. (The Alumni Hall class rooms were not opened until 1921.) The blackboards, lighting, heating, ventilation and sanitation could not have been much worse. I shared a desk in a faculty-room containing over a dozen of them which were used by almost as many departments and where it was practically impossible to grade test papers owing to the fact that almost all the instructors utilized their time, patriotically instead of intellectually, by damning the Kaiser and all "pro-Germans." Naturally I was not particularly impressed with the atmosphere of the University of Pittsburgh, and even though I realized that I had been there when the institution was under the strain of war-time, I was not sorry to receive a letter from Secretary Linhart reminding me that "until final action is taken, you will, therefore, consider this as a notice that your appointment terminates at the end of the present academic year, in accordance with the conditions governing your present appointment."

The Summer of 1918 found me with no position in view for the coming Fall. There were opportunities galore, however, to serve one's country either at the training-camps or overseas. I had already received my Questionnaire from the Government and had no grounds whatever for exemption. But just at the last minute, so to speak, I received a telephone call from Professor Keller stating that they needed teachers for the S. A. T. C., and asking if I would care to serve. Under the régime of the War Department, I became installed at the Carnegie Institute of Technology to help "to train 3,000 soldiers in technical branches for the army," and I remained there as full-time instructor after the armistice until my dismissal in June of that year when the boys whom I had taught as S. A. T. C. freshmen were graduating as civilian seniors.

When I became a full-time instructor on the Faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology I, who had been so outspoken in my criticism of Yale, resolved to become a very lawful person; not only did the war-time régime demand it, but the fact that I was receiving a salary from the school naturally put a damper on the freedom one feels to criticise those with whom he is not connected and on whom he is not dependent. However, the conditions at Carnegie Tech were by no means ideal. President Hamerschlag and Professor Keller had both, from the first, appeared to me unfit for their positions, and I could not help observe how certain features at the institute (in spite of its superior material equipment to the University of Pittsburgh) were in greater need of improvement than they were at Yale, to which Alma Mater I continued to send reform literature even when the war was at its height. I also sent literature to other institutions of learning, realizing, however, that it would not have so direct or so strong an appeal. One might go on criticising *colleges* forever with little or no effect; it is only after criticising *a particular college* that the critic may eventually lay aside his pen with not only the thought but also the knowledge that an appreciable amount of good has been accomplished. And, after all, is not the alumnus who has seen his Alma Mater from the viewpoint of both teacher and taught and seen it through eyes unblinded by "loyalty"—is not he the best informed and most effective critic?

But even though he is not an alumnus of an institution and even though he is being paid by it, there comes a time when the reformer's desire to criticise (because that desire seems either dormant or dead in others) triumphs over his intention to remain taciturn—if not a desire to criticise

directly and restraintlessly, at least a desire to criticise indirectly and with permission, without expecting big results. One of the things about Carnegie Tech that annoyed me in no small degree was the amount of smoking and the number of cigarette-butts that littered the halls. I felt that a little general criticism about the use of tobacco in colleges would not be out of place, and I wrote the following letter for President Hamerschlag:

March 19th, 1919.

Dear Sir:—

Under separate cover I am mailing you a copy of my essay, *Prince Albert's Velvet Tuxedo,* ten thousand copies of which will soon have been mailed to the presidents of all universities and institutions of higher learning, to the headmasters of all preparatory schools, to the principals of many high schools, to the editors of college and daily papers, and to all the college fraternities in the United States. I have received several favorable responses, a certain commissioner of schools recently requesting 300 additional copies. I find it necessary to print a second edition.

The object of this letter is to obtain your permission or the permission of those whom it may concern to mail a copy of this pamphlet to each student in the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Being a member of the faculty, I do not feel that I should take the liberty to do this without official consent. After obtaining this consent, I shall mail the pamphlets to the Pittsburgh addresses at my own expense. I trust this personal effort toward reform will meet with your approval; for it seems unfair that I should be working for the uplift in American student-life at every institution except that one on whose faculty I am directly engaged. Much as I have enjoyed, am enjoying and will continue to enjoy the teaching of Mathematics at "Tech," I heartily and earnestly desire to help her students in a moral as well as an intellectual way.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE F. GUNDELFINGER.

This letter was never sent to President Hamerschlag. I still have it in my desk in an addressed and unsealed envelope bearing one of the three-cent stamps that were used for some time after the war. I could not bring myself to the point of mailing it—not because I felt in advance that he would refuse the permission (for I had actually seen him blow smoke in his stenographer's face) but because I felt the permission to circulate such a pamphlet should come from a Pure Source rather than from mere established authority. Whether it was my first "wrong" step or not at Carnegie Tech, I did obtain a register and mail about two thousand pamphlets to the faculty and students. There was, of course, absolutely no direct reference to the school or to any officer of the school, but I heard, nevertheless, that my action was much resented by certain persons. I had, of course, done it without permission and yet not without thinking about permission, although the letter to President Hamerschlag had never been read by any one in the original; it will have been read for the first time by others than myself after it has been read in this booklet.

The act made me very well known throughout the institute although I had not done it to gain publicity. Nevertheless, when a special committee of the faculty was elected in the Fall of 1919 to arrange for meetings to discuss the question of salaries and to draw up resolutions "demand-

ing'' an increase, requesting President Hamerschlag to present them to the trustees, I found myself one of the members of the committee and the only member, I believe, below the rank of assistant professor. Perhaps my pamphlet had revealed ''courage,'' and courage was the thing sought for in those spirited days. Although I attended all the meetings both of the committee and of the general faculty and heard, at the former, remarks about President Hamerschlag that members of the committee would not have dared to make at the latter, I remained so silent at all times that I must have been considered a disappointment and a dismal bore. There were, however, some things that I wanted to discuss very much: for example, the question as to whether or not the character and ability of each individual on the faculty (including the members of the committee) were such as to deserve an increase in remuneration.

The resolutions passed by the General Faculty on November 24th, 1919, with the request that President Hamerschlag present them to the trustees, brought about the almost immediate but non-satisfying action of having a small bonus enclosed in the monthly salary envelope from December, 1919 until June, 1920, the December bonus not coming until the January payment, since the trustees did not act until then, although their decision was retroactive.

February 7th, 1920.

Dear President Hamerschlag:

I thank you heartily for the adjustment bonus of $20.00 per month explained by the note which accompanied my latest salary check.

I am very much interested in a general rather than in a personal and selfish way in the advancement of teaching—a question which has now become so important in America that it has been given the main headline in some daily papers which are national rather than sensational. My interest, however, concerns something deeper than the raising of the teacher's salary, although I do not mean to belittle the importance of this particular direction which the reform has taken. I believe there is something about American education which is more radically wrong than the meagre remuneration of the teacher, and I am far from certain that if this latter wrong is righted we will have applied the ultimate panacea. No teacher can do his best if he is underpaid and if living conditions are annoying him. It is true that the world has known of geniuses who have accomplished wonders in a cold attic on a crust of bread, but it is equally true that the world would hardly deem it wise to set these men up as teachers for our undergraduates. On the other hand the fact that a man is over-paid or even adequately paid does not assure us that he is the right man necessarily for his position. I sincerely hope that when Tech makes the appreciable changes in her salaries (which she eventually must), she will do so not merely because bread has gone up ten cents a loaf or rent fifty dollars a month, but also and more so because the men whom she advances will have the qualities which every real teacher must have before he can be an inspiration for his students and a credit to his institution. I hope the day is not far distant when salary and ability and character will all be synonymous, and I trust soon to see the complete passing of the times when the earnest and honest members of our teaching-staffs received salaries that were little more than insults while the puffed-up figureheads of our faculties raked in their little fortunes.

I am enclosing a circular to reveal that the oft-referred-to salary-increase made recently at Yale (the pioneer university in this matter) is not a thing apart but is coupled with an advance in both the standard of teaching and the character of the teacher—the big element in Yale's Reconstruction which so few persons emphasize and which so many ignore. I feel that I have done my bit in bringing this about, and I ardently hope it will be the big element adopted by other institutions in the adjustment of the payroll.

In conclusion let me repeat that I have written in a manner that is entirely impersonal. I desire that you interpret this letter neither as a means for focusing light upon myself nor as a means for placing any particular colleague in shadow but as an expression of justice—the only thing for which I ever have worked and the only thing for which I ever will work and the only thing that is ever worth working for.

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE F. GUNDELFINGER.

President Hamerschlag never acknowledged the receipt of this letter, although I learned very much later (May 10th, 1922), from him personally and at my own request, that he had shown it to other members of his administration. Whether this letter played a part in promoting me, two months later, from the rank of instructor to that of assistant professor will be left to the reader's imagination. To my mind it is a far more daring letter than the one which brought about my dismissal. The emphasis I placed on its "impersonal" nature probably swerved President Hamerschlag from wearing a shoe which (in the light of more recent developments) would have fit him perfectly, he preferring to leave it for those who had so urgently expressed their need of footgear. I must admit, however, that if this letter did place President Hamerschlag himself in shadow I was unaware of it at the time—just as I was unconscious of the shadow of the forth-coming duty cast at the very end of the letter.

The circular referred to in the above letter had also been forwarded to the Trustees.

But the adjustment-bonus was not the only outcome of the Resolutions, although it was, in many cases, practically the only salary increase ever made. A year later, January 1921, an educational commission was sent by the Carnegie Corporation to study "the financial crisis which affected the institute as a whole but which was particularly acute in the operation of the Institute of Technology." The result was that in June 1921 an out-right appropriation of more than nine million dollars was granted. Just a week preceding this announcement I had received my first contract as assistant professor for 1921-22, and the increase in salary was only half of what it had been the year before, and (if I had not been dismissed) there would (I was told) have been no increase at all for the year 1922-23. And I believe this action was typical of many cases. In other words, the spirited faculty meetings of 1919 helped to bring about a large new endowment but did little to increase the salaries of teachers as originally intended. I, however, had profited by them, though not in a material way.

Nevertheless it was during those days that the Faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology appeared to have been reborn and became an organization with a constitution and by-laws—a body which thereafter had a means of voicing its wants and opinions—a body which could come

to the rescue of any individual member over whom the autocrat was secretly and unjustly exercising his power. The resolutions of 1919 and the threatened "strike" which led up to them gave the institute considerable publicity—not of a very helpful kind however.

Since then the faculty has had numerous sessions devoted to lengthy debates over questions of lesser import, resulting in resolutions which will scarcely bring the institute much prominence if any, the most pretentious one being to the effect that the instruction should also aim at the development of character and culture rather than mere training for a job.

But there came a supreme opportunity in June 1922 for the Faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology to bring and to keep the school in the public eye in a way that would have been highly beneficial. The autocrat was secretly planning to dismiss one of the very members of the faculty's own executive committee for his very attempt to encourage the development of character and culture among the students (and among the faculty, too, for that matter). Although the last scheduled faculty meeting of the year was over, the secret was made known in good time to call a special session. Indeed a special session was called not through the initiative of the faculty however, but indirectly by the autocrat himself. With this exceptional chance to go on record as a genuinely democratic organization, what did the listless faculty do? Without a single remaining spark of its old war-time spirit, it played into the very hand of the autocrat, giving him a final victory with which to descend most gratefully the steps of the throne down which he should have been sent headforemost.

There is one more letter I should like to publish in this chapter:

March 11th, 1920.

Dear Colonel Day:

If I recall rightly, one of the points you emphasized during our little (?) chat after luncheon this afternoon was that smoking enabled men to break down the barriers of reserve and restraint, to develop sociability, to converse freely, to become better acquainted and to experience more fully the intimacy of brotherly love. There is a feeling on my part (and I believe also on yours) that we understand each other a whole lot better than we have understood each other heretofore—that we have mutually experienced all of these little features of friendship which I have enumerated above. But what I wish to emphasize in writing to you is that we have experienced them without any smoking whatever on my part and with very little on yours. In fact, as our conversation went on, I observed that your pipe went out, and what you held in your hand might just as well have been a newspaper or a pair of spectacles. I also noticed that after I left you with Director Mott, there were four men still seated at a table in the upper end of the "beanery" who were still jabbering and blowing smoke into one another's faces. I have no idea what these men were talking about, but I wager their conversation lacked the warmth and the depth and the intimacy which were characteristic of ours. It strikes me as downright silly to believe that two men must depend on tobacco to establish a friendly relation between them. I feel very sorry for anyone who honestly believes that the cloud of smoke which reached from your mouth to my nose served to link us together and enable the conduction of thought

from my mind to yours. It is queer that this flabby idea has taken so firm a hold of so many big minds—some of the biggest in the literary world; but I feel more sanguine when I recall that in the dark ages the biggest minds likewise claimed that the earth was flat. Perhaps the present age will also be looked back upon as dark in comparison with the age which is yet to come and which is not so very far away. It is my ardent wish that our educators in particular will soon tear aside the illusions of today and look with a clear and steady eye into the future. Otherwise education must rightly be looked upon as *passé* and something else must come to replace it if we really care to progress. If you are truly in earnest when you say that a man must have some vices before you can love him, I think you will sooner or later come to the conclusion that you ought to change either your views or your position as an educator of the American youth.

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE F. GUNDELFINGER.

Director Day had received one of the 2,000 anti-tobacco pamphlets I had circulated in March, 1919 (without asking President Hamerschlag's permission to do so), and, as the date on this letter indicates, we were talking the matter over a whole year later. I had another short talk with him in his office about this letter itself a few days after he had received it. At that time he seemed a little harassed over my indirect reference to his nationality by my use of the word American in connection with the word youth, but, otherwise, he took the letter in the right spirit and, at the same meeting in which we discussed it, he informed me that I had been appointed assistant professor.

This promotion to assistant professorship shortly after I had sent those two seemingly daring letters—one to the president of the institute and one to the head of the particular faculty of which I was a member—indicated, I thought, broadmindedness on the parts of these two men which compensated somewhat for their faults. No one had seen either of these two letters before I mailed them; in fact, no one knew I had written them. The president had admitted showing his to other administrators at the same meeting (May 10th, 1922) at which Director Day also admitted that he had always regarded his as personal. Confidential letters of this sort offer an excellent means for men to become acquainted with each other, and the letters serve to record things which are only too soon forgotten when conveyed through conversation. And no harm can come of these letters, however plain, unless their private nature is sacrificed and they become a subject of public gossip. I had no desire whatever to make these letters public, but I am doing so now to show how President Hamerschlag might have acted for Tech's welfare had he considered my Poverty-Day letter in the same light in which these two were considered. Truth is truth and it should be swallowed as such, irrespective of whether the president serves it to the instructor or the instructor to the president.

Still anxious to have smoking limited if not prohibited actually as well as nominally at the Carnegie Institute of Technology and realizing that the effects of the first distribution (1919) of my pamphlet were wearing off, I proposed to circulate copies of the new edition among the members of the Freshman class entering in the Fall of 1921. My pro-

motion to assistant professor made me feel far less free than I felt before, so instead of writing a letter (which I might not have sent) I actually called at Director Day's office to obtain the permission. The result was made known in Part 1 of this booklet. The reader should be informed here, however, that while Director Day declined to permit me to circulate the new pamphlet among the entire Freshman class at the institute, he said he would not object to my mailing it to my particular friends. How liberal! I do not know if he considered the particular freshmen who were under my own instruction to be my friends; but *I* certainly did, and their attitude toward President Hamerschlag's action certainly proved that my assumption was not false—unless it was the fact that each one had received an autographed pamphlet that made them so amicable.

But I told Director Day that his refusal to let me circulate the pamphlet among all freshmen meant that I would take absolutely no further interest in Tech's moral reform outside of my own immediate classes. And yet shortly after I made that statement, I wrote my Poverty-Day letter to the president; and here in this booklet, I am broadcasting an extremely severe and direct public criticism of the Carnegie Institute of Technology after firmly resolving to myself that I would never do so. Am I inconsistent? Am I, after all, "irrational?"

I could see that Director Day was pleased with my promise to take no further general interest in Tech's moral welfare. To me, however, his pleasure was a pathetic thing for the school. However, the fact that I had told him that I would still be interested in the moral welfare of my own particular students, permitted me to write the Poverty-Day letter and still remain rational—for more than fifty of my own students participated in that parade, and it was more rational on my part to write my criticism to the president than to criticise these students in my classroom for a thing which the president himself sanctioned.

So I was certainly rational up to the time I was accused of being "irrational." If my action thereafter had resulted solely from an inner conflict (which would have been impossible), I would undeniably have proved myself irrational; but in the light of the events that followed, my action has been essential and infinitely more rational than America's part in the Great War, the kind of action, in fact, that is woefully wanting in times of peace to prevent stagnation and degeneracy.

What if, after the Germans sank the *Lusitania*, America had simply said nothing and allowed the whole thing to blow over? We were told that would have been most dishonorable. The analogy may seem largely overdrawn to the reader, and yet my dismissal would, had I allowed it to pass over, have been a comparatively greater disgrace to educational America, a staggering blow to even the most lawful form of academic freedom and a complete triumph for academic autocracy. Those who had planned to dismiss me knew of my resolve to remain quiet about the faults of Carnegie Tech and thought, no doubt, that I would "resign" without a word of public criticism against the institute. The plain truth is that if I had intended to criticise the school publicly, I would have resigned purposely to do so (just as I did at Yale), and I would have resigned before the president had had a chance to dismiss me. But I made it plain to the president in my Poverty-Day letter that I had no intention of criticising Carnegie Tech publicly, and I emphasized the fact again in my printed Letter to the Trustees, the Faculty and the

Students. It is true that I wanted Tech criticised publicly, but I wanted one of her own alumni to do it. I myself wanted to stay at the institute in spite of her faults, trusting they would eventually be rectified by other agents; and I wanted to conform to every honorable restriction requisite to my staying and to live up to my resolve not to criticise her publicly. And I did so until I was dismissed. But I refused to go in the silence indicative of shame. My printed Letter was the most honorable and effective means for me to inform the school that I did not want to go and that I would not go in silence. It is true that I had criticised the school directly in that Letter; but the criticism was necessary in my own defense. But it was not *public* criticism. I had restricted the circulation of my Letter to the students and officers of the school, and I requested those to whom it was sent to do the same. That I still refused to criticise *publicly* was proved by my letter to the Pittsburgh editor; and my letter to Acting-President Baker indicated that I had given the school more chance than I had promised it to prevent public criticism when the latter became honorable on my part in spite of my resolve. My efforts were ignored and probably ridiculed as were President Wilson's series of Notes to Germany in his attempt to prevent our entry into the World War. But there comes a time in the opinions of even the most considerate men, when they feel that no further chance should be given to the transgressor, when the latter has proved himself hopeless beyond a doubt, when one should cease casting pearl opportunities into ears that can never be made into silk purses, when the dumb beast itself seems to crave extinction. So finally, after receiving the letter from Acting-President Baker, it became wondrously clear to me that however ardently I had wanted reinstatement, the "school" (irrespective of superficial sympathy and of individual or group opinion of a more sincere nature) wanted my dismissal, and then only did I feel that public criticism of the institution, in spite of my resolve, was an inevitable duty, not so much for the purpose of righting a personal injustice as in defense of Righteousness and Principle—for when that moment arrived, my personal desire to return to Carnegie Tech was effaced completely.

Now (September, 1922) I look back upon the whole thing as a struggle between the ordinary and the supernatural. My resolve not to criticise, my emotion over the cheers of the students, my unwillingness to recognize the inaction of the faculty and my desire to become reinstated were mere manifestations of the ego. To remain silent, to close the eyes and the ears to wrong, to live and labor unthinking in the midst of it, to believe men love you for it, to refrain from doing anything that might check or even retard personal advancement—these are the commandments of the average being; and all of them must be broken by the exceptional man who, though you call him "inhuman," is here to work unselfishly the revolutions which make for humanity's progress—the work for which he is destined.

The Element of Destiny was showing the way at a very early date when I was totally unconscious of it; but I have written this chapter to reveal that element as it now appears to me. As far back as 1906 the Carnegie Institute of Technology (then known as the Carnegie Technical Schools) was reaching out for the very services I am now performing for the Spirit of Progress, although I had not yet had the experience of reforming my Alma Mater—not even the forethought of that experience.

And even after I had acquired that experience, I did not realize in the slightest degree that I was entering Carnegie Tech with the eventual purpose of criticising her also. However, the fact that Tech officials knew of my critical nature and took me on trial in the *Night* School indicated a subconscious fear on their part. It is true that I felt an immediate repulsion for President Hamerschlag the first time I met him; but that, though necessary, was not sufficient to indicate that the entire school was at fault; and further contact with *him* could easily have been and was (until the very end) reduced to an insignificant minimum. The Element of Destiny again appeared when Tech called for my services at a time when I was about to be drafted into actual military service which might have proved fatal and from which she herself seemed to exempt me solely for the future purpose of disclosing her faults. My play *The Great Reliever* should also be mentioned in this connection. If Mr. Belasco had accepted it, I would not have written to President Hamerschlag. I had finished the manuscript only shortly before my interview with the latter, who, strangely enough, spoke of chorus girls, play-writing, Americanism —the play itself dealing with exemption from military service for the purpose of fighting the immorality of the theatre. It was not entirely clear to me why I, several years later, sent a copy of this play to Mrs. Hamerschlag with my answer to her letter, although I have stated elsewhere the excuse which Destiny invented to conceal her game. I even regretted having sent that play after I had dropped it into the mailbox; I regretted, in particular, having written Mrs. Hamerschlag's own words on the fly-leaf—her false prophecy—the part of her condemnatory letter which has proved the finest point of all. I did a number of things then not knowing exactly why I was doing them. It seemed I was being guided by a force other than personal conscience. Nevertheless I acted with abandon and yet with a sense of protection. Likewise, on the other side, I doubt now if it was the hand of feminine curiosity that opened my Poverty-Day letter; it was the Hand of Destiny—the same hand that addressed that letter to the president's home instead of to his office. Whether the public cares to believe me or not, I am willing to swear that none of this was premeditated on my part. I never even dreamed that my Poverty-Day letter to the president would result in my dismissal —all the less so because similar letters (published in this chapter) had the very opposite effect; at least it appeared so then. But it occurs to me now that my advancement to assistant professor may have been merely a means for checking my liberties and precluding further agitation—a tendency which it did have. (I recall that Director Day said my advance in title would involve no additional responsibilities.) I should not be surprised if President Hamerschlag resurrected my Salary-Question letter in June, 1922, and used it to intensify the agitation of the Heads who wrote the Recommendation for him. For President Hamerschlag himself was none the less a puppet with Destiny pulling on the strings. Perhaps I was all wrong to accuse him of being vindictive. After all, was not my dismissal prerequisite to his "resignation?" Without his determination to dismiss me, there would have been no printed Letter. The printed Letter revealed more than was necessary to save me and therefore defeated its own purpose. But was my salvation the object of the printed Letter? Evidently not; the object of the printed Letter (as I now see it) was the crystallization and publication of

those additional facts which led up to the president's "resignation." The printed Letter also brought the "newspaper reporter" and his visit led me to have my story ready to send subconsciously (via telepathy) to the meeting of the trustees (although I believed all the while I was preparing it for actual reproduction in the Paper.) The whole school, of which the "reporter" was a part, was acting according to Destiny's dictation to bring about the president's "resignation."

But why then did not Destiny dictate to the school to reinstate me after the president's removal? Because Destiny has another object in view—an object which I shall soon predict.

Though unconscious of the final part I was destined to play and of all the threads which were leading up to it, I was, as stated earlier, aware of the faults of Carnegie Tech and of many of her officers. I could not help observing these against my will, and much that I did not see directly was being poured into my ears constantly by others. While these persons were sources of information, they were by no means sources of inflammation, however ardently they craved to incite me to publish facts to quench their own thirst for personal revenge—a contagious disease which I had not contracted even though the Resolutions of the General Faculty claimed that the "direct charges and covert insinuations" against Director Day and Professor Keller in my printed Letter were "vindictive in spirit." The earlier letters, published in this chapter and written long before my dismissal was contemplated, clearly show that my charges are not manifestations of personal revenge *due* to dismissal; my printed Letter was merely a repetition of these charges for the enlightenment of the school as a whole. It is a pleasure for me to know that both President Hamerschlag and Director Day knew this fact, and I am glad that all the members of the faculty may know it now. Let the reader turn back to my letter to Director Day (March 11th, 1920) and read again the last sentence and then decide for himself if the charge in it differs much if any from my charge in the printed Letter to the Trustees, the Faculty and the Students (May 27th, 1922); and let him re-read my letter to President Hamerschlag (February 7th, 1920), in which I allude to the "figureheads of our faculties who rake in their little fortunes," and then decide if this "covert insinuation", concerning Professor Keller is not identical with my "direct charge" against him in my open Letter. I claim that there was absolutely nothing "vindictive in spirit" about my printed Letter, just as there was nothing about my first printed attack on Yale to indicate that I myself was disgruntled. I believe that any intelligent member of the General Faculty who voted for those Resolutions will (now that he has cooled off and become just as well-informed as the "Heads") realize his mistake. And, after all, what reason had I to be revengeful toward Carnegie Tech or any of her officers? Had any one of those whom I attacked ever done me a real harm? Had they not, on the other hand, seemingly helped me in many, many ways? Was I going to consider even my dismissal an insult or a reality until I had first painted the jury as they are and then learned the attitude of the school on the matter?

But after I discovered how the conspirators had all assembled to word the Recommendation for my "extinction," it would be a folly to deny that I entertained the delight to "come back at them." When one's personal enemies stoop so "viciously low" as to recommend poison gas but are too refined and timid to use it unexpurgated and must force their subordinates

to discharge it in diluted form, it is only right and kind to show them the proper and effective use which can be made of poison gas of finer quality 100 per cent pure.

But my mere delight in fighting a personal injustice or injury could never assume the magnitude of the passion which inflamed me to write and publish this booklet; and yet the personal element is never completely lacking in a truly great fighter. While he does not go to battle merely to avenge a personal wrong, he can not fight with body, heart and soul unless injury has been done to or contemplated for some thing which is more dear to him than reputation and life—a cause, maybe, to which he himself has devoted body, heart and soul. When one knows exactly what one is fighting against, when one believes it to be wrong, believes it so relentlessly that he needs not another mind to strengthen his belief, not a single ally or under-dog to share the brunt of battle in which failure must be impossible, then a personal triviality such as injury to reputation or physique and even death are entirely disregarded in a merciless encounter. During the war no one pitied more than I that type of American soldier who was forced to fight blindly, whose own conscience was shattered and often replaced by the lying conscience of one immune from physical danger and who innocently had to die or suffer permanent injury; but I have no compassion—not even in times of peace—on the guilty hypocrites who are rightly made to suffer permanent disgrace, and I myself suffer no compunction either by exposing them in their effort to crush my cause or in crushing them with the powerful resistance inspired by my discovery.

There were those who, in spite of their unwillingness to agree with my views, had become friendly with me on account of other personal qualities and because of their hidden admiration for those ideals which all men, though slaves to habit, custom and tradition, know in their hearts to be great. Personally, however, I am but a symbol for the ideals I defend, and I cannot sincerely reciprocate—not even gladly accept—the friendship of a man who, however much he may have become attached to me, does not, as the same time respect and uphold these ideals. Furthermore, when the impersonal fight for these ideals comes to a crisis, I must forget any favors these friends have done for me and class them among *the enemies to my cause.*

The fact that I had enclosed circulars concerning my work of reform with each copy of my printed Letter assured me that each reader of the Letter knew of my activities outside of the institute—activities with which he was not, perhaps, entirely in sympathy if at all. Just as a stained cross-section more clearly reveals the structure under the microscope, so the dismissal of my ideals (symbolized by my own dismissal), not because it was wanted by the president only but because it was sanctioned by the school as a whole, had become the stain on the character of the Carnegie Institute of Technology which served to show me more deeply the sores I could not refrain from observing superficially with my naked eye, but on which I earlier had neither the desire nor the intention to use the lens now demanded by Destiny. All the little human microbes, whether personal friends or personal enemies or just plain microbes, whose favors I had accepted and whose activities, more or less secret, had earlier amused me when I chanced to observe them or hear of them, now appeared enlarged and engaged in a concerted effort to crush the ideals that meant death to their own egotistic interests. All the good work I had accomplished for Yale—her new begin-

nings symbolized by the Harkness Memorial Tower, like *The New Fraternity,* rising majestically into the clear blue sky, her chimes heralding fulfillment across the American Continent—all the good done by the hundreds of thousands of books, pamphlets and circulars about Yale which I had mailed to officers, teachers and students at schools and colleges reaching from coast to coast—all this good the microbes wanted to undo, feeling that my dismissal from their own immediate breeding-ground was symbolic of my general banishment from the field of American education, leaving it unresistingly receptive for the seeds of their own selfish indulgences and base schemes which would be scattered by the report of their personal victory.

For, I repeat it, the only victory these "men" and their allies were striving to win was a personal victory. Although the causes I have fought for (without allies) have always triumphed and will continue to triumph, nevertheless my past experiences show that I personally am invariably hated as a result of it. But I have learned to endure the vinegar—even to relish it—for its very bitterness is needed to make the impersonal triumph of Righteousness the sweeter by contrast; and it is the intensification of that sense of a purely unselfish victory which incites me to rise again after each temporary personal defeat—to rise and to answer "present" and "ready" to the call, and to press on as before.

For I shall continue my writings and propaganda for morality among American college students at the same time completing the series of Mathematical text books which I have well under way. It is doubtful, however, if I shall ever again become officially connected with any one particular college or university, because we are too far from the millenium to expect the "irrational" and "viciously low" author of a booklet so truthful as the likes of this one to be brought knowingly in direct contact with our undergraduates, however much they may be in need of and are benefited by his absent treatments.

But if I should happen to be sought semi-secretly by some brave educational institution, "wonderful Math teacher" or not, I shall refuse in advance merely to train students for a job by teaching them that two and two are four "irrespective of where and how they spend their nights." Nor will I feel assured that their nights are being passed advantageously simply because I have been appointed to serve on a religious committee of the faculty consisting of so many cigarette-sucking hypocrites. Not only the members of such a committee but the president of the institution as well as the teachers must be forcibly moral men who will serve as examples to the students. This is the first requisite necessary to reduce the effort of moral instruction to a minimum; for the effort of moral instruction must be reduced to a minimum in order to be effective. The last thing I would sanction would be the transformation of the college recitation into a direct Sunday School Class. Furnish the student with forcibly moral instructors and the moral instruction in the classroom will then be both given out and absorbed unconsciously; it will become so thoroughly mixed with cultural and technical knowledge that one will be unable to detect its flavor, although even those to whom its separate flavor is repulsive will be benefited by digesting it unknowingly. All moral enlightenment received directly and consciously must be received individually outside of the classroom; it will be one of the ways in which the students will spend their nights to advantage—by reading plain pamphlets and beneficial books

whose distribution will not be prohibited because the faculty are in greater need of them, but encouraged, particularly by the students themselves in their desire to emulate the conduct of their instructors.

To say that all effort toward reform is futile is but to admit one's own indifference or to confess one's own immorality and submission to habit and custom and to give the impression that one is incurable, which is true in some but not in all instances. In the majority of cases there is, fortunately, infinite hope—a foundation which, in itself, is not weak and diseased but merely contaminated superficially from its vulgar contact with the common stream of life. In time this contamination may sink in so deeply that inner purification seems impossible—and yet if we were pure at birth, it is always a promise that we may again become so with infinite pains.

In my book *Ten Years at Yale*, written almost ten years ago, I said: "Yale has many superficial frocks and frills, but there is an iron constitution beneath them and not a wax body which melts under the heat of criticism." My criticism has torn off those frocks and frills and exposed that iron constitution to the rain and the sun and the wind which have cured it of many concealed blemishes, others gradually vanishing; and today that wholesomely productive constitution stands naked, erect and clean, for universal inspection, singing its everlasting gratitude for salvation from past sins and chiming its voluntary precaution against future degeneracy.

But there is no iron constitution to the other educational institution with which I have been associated. She has sores that reach down to her very marrow. They are not sores that were at one time superficial and which have deepened with age from inattention—for she is too young. They are innate sores. I can think of her only as the child of her first president, who must ever be known as the father of the school which was prenatally infected with his own "ideals." In addition to inheriting these defects, her mental attitude is such as to render them doubly incurable; for she still reveres her departed parent, is proud of her own condition and scornfully dismisses the reformer who might have tried, though in vain, to heal her. Such an offspring may continue to live for some time; but is not her mere existence a source of contamination to other schools?

The Carnegie Institute of Technology is without a future. As long as she goes by that name or even if she changes her name to become a "new" school, she will sink lower and lower in the estimation of the general public. Neither upright students nor inspiring teachers will enter her gates tomorrow; they will avoid her as an outcast deteriorating with contagion—as a condemned thing about to collapse. Those lovers of purity and truth who are today still teaching and being taught within her walls will ultimately realize their lack of wisdom and gradually forsake her; and those who enter to replace them will be low creatures whose "love" for each other and whose "loyalty" for their Alma Mater can flourish only on their and her vices. And thus will she hasten her death by taking in additional poison to sustain her life.

THE END

My readers will claim, that though my personal attacks may be justifiable, I am wrong to attack the school which bears the name of our most illustrious "Pittsburgher"—Andrew Carnegie. If Andrew Carnegie were living today, I would certainly have gone to him as the last person to reinstate ideals (by reinstating myself) at his schools, thereby preventing the publication of this booklet; I would even resist destiny and try to hear him still, through Oliver Lodge as a medium, were it not that Mr. Carnegie did not believe any too strongly in a life beyond the grave.

That I did appeal to Mr. Carnegie before I had any forethought of destiny—in fact before I was connected with his schools—is recorded in the following letter:

ANDREW CARNEGIE
2 East 91st Street
New York

February 23rd, 1917.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Carnegie desires me to thank you for your kind favor of twenty-first February with copy of your book "The New Fraternity" which he hopes to look into at an early date.

Yours very truly,

J. A. Poynton, Secretary.

Whether Mr. Carnegie found time to "look into" my book I do not at present know and shall probably never learn; but I have discovered that he favored strongly the ideals which the book upholds. And this knowledge, coming as it did without any inquiry on my part and without any reference to me personally, will be regarded all the more impartial and, being recorded by his own hand, will be considered far more authentic than if it had come to us through Sir Oliver.

Mr. Carnegie's *Autobiography* was published in 1920. I did not read it until after my dismissal from the Carnegie Institute of Technology —in fact, not until I began the writing of Part V of this booklet; and the reading did not throw one iota of discouragement in the way of the thoughts I was then putting on paper.

Mr. Carnegie never attended college, but the following facts concerning his life at the age when boys do are very welcome in this particular connection:

"I had just reached my eighteenth birthday, and I do not see how it could be possible for any boy to arrive at that age much freer from a knowledge of anything but what was good and pure. I do not believe, up to that time, I had ever spoken a bad word in my life and seldom heard one. I knew nothing of the base and the vile. Fortunately I had always been brought in contact with good people.

"I was now plunged at once into the company of coarse men, for the office was temporarily only a portion of the shops and the headquarters for the freight conductors, brakemen and firemen. All of them

had access to the same room with Superintendent Scott and myself, and they availed themselves of it. This was a different world, indeed, from that to which I had been accustomed. I was not happy about it. I ate, necessarily, of the tree of knowledge of good and evil for the first time. But there was still the sweet and pure surroundings of home, where nothing coarse or wicked ever entered, and besides, there was the world in which I dwelt with my companions, all of them refined young men, striving to improve themselves and become respected citizens. I passed through this phase of my life detesting what was foreign to my nature and my early education. The experience with coarse men was probably beneficial because it gave me a "scunner" (disgust), to use a Scotism, at chewing or smoking tobacco, also at swearing or the use of improper language, which fortunately remained with me through life."

At that time Mr. Carnegie did not know there was going to be a school named after him—a school which in part was a duplication of "a portion of the shops and the headquarters for the freight conductors, brakemen and firemen." But even though some believe that the atmosphere of a technical school needs the "coarse and wicked" element to make it as real and practical as the actual shop, I believe Mr. Carnegie would have wanted the students to have benefited (as he had) from "the experience with coarse men" rather than to have been influenced—even encouraged—in habits which *unfortunately* remain with them through life.

I should like to reprint here a few statements concerning Mr. Carnegie's childhood:

"My uncle, like all my family, was a moral-force man and strong for obedience to law, but radical to the core and an intense admirer of the American Republic.

"Dunfermline has long been renowned as perhaps the most radical town in the Kingdom.

"As a child I could have slain king, duke or lord, and considered their deaths a service to the state and hence an heroic act."

These statements show that Mr. Carnegie was influenced both by heredity and environment to become a moral radical. That his own moral fibre remained intact throughout his life is evident; but his desire to slay heroically the external forces which were undermining others, cooled when he came to America and contracted instead the fever for capital. That he was conscious of this appears in his own words: "To continue much longer, overwhelmed by business cares and with most of my thoughts wholly upon the way to make more money in the shortest time, must degrade me beyond hope of recovery." Making fortunes and fighting the world's immorality do not seem to go hand-in-hand. "The men who have succeeded are men who have chosen one line and stuck to it," he says. Mr. Carnegie succeeded in making millions, with which he helped to reward heroes—in particular, those with moral courage, hoping to see the passing of those with mere physical courage through his ten-million-dollar endowment for "the abolition of international war, the foulest blot upon our civilization." But Mr. Carnegie himself can hardly be classed with the world's moral heroes. His willingness in childhood to "have slain king, duke or lord" was not even metamor-

phosed into a desire to slay nicotine, alcohol or prostitution; in fact his earlier willingness to slay was itself completely slain by his desire for millions and peace.

It is true that he has given us libraries galore which he could not have done without his money, and it is true that these libraries contain innumerable books to guide youth along righteous paths (as well as books to *amuse* the beautiful and the damned on this side of paradise). But it is clear that we need something more than libraries filled with books; we need schools to guide youth in his reading and his actions. It was a step in the right direction to erect a group of schools very close to the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh; but schools likewise are of little benefit—in fact detrimental—if they are not supervised judiciously and taught by inspiring teachers. "Of all professions, that of teaching," he says, "is probably the most unfairly, yes, most meanly paid, though it should rank with the highest." And yet Mr. Carnegie did nothing to raise the salaries of teachers even at his own schools, which are still far below the highest paid elsewhere; he preferred to give twenty-five millions to the Carnegie Institution of Washington for new investigations and discoveries, instead of using it to raise the salaries of those who were imparting to youth the firmly established knowledge which has stood the test of ages. (One must, however, admire him for divorcing research from teaching and placing it in an institution of its own.) His pensions for teachers are praiseworthy in so far as they are a blessing to those who are no longer able to teach, but it seems to me that if these sums were used earlier as salary increases they would in addition be a blessing to the students by making the teachers more independent and hence more efficient during their active days. It lay in Mr. Carnegie's power to make the Carnegie Institute of Technology one of the bigger and more independent intellectual and moral forces in the country instead of the disgrace to his name that it now undeniably is. Even in his will where he remembered other worthy educational institutions so generously, he gave no direct gift to the one named after him, leaving it at the mercy of the Carnegie Corporation of New York to which he gave one hundred and twenty-five of his millions in 1911 and twenty more by his will in 1919, to say nothing of further sums that may come to it as his residuary legatee—all of which is to aid technical schools and institutions of higher learning throughout the United States rather than those alone which bear his name.

The puzzle to be solved is: Why did Andrew Carnegie spread his fortune out over so many institutions of learning instead of concentrating it on the one which bears his name? Was he, after all, seeking nation-wide publicity and worship instead of the establishment of a great university which would attract students not only from all parts of the country but also from all parts of the world? I think not; I think he wanted to help all smaller colleges and accomplish the latter project as well.

But I think he foresaw the failure of the latter project if the Carnegie Institute of Technology was to be its beginning. I think he secretly realized that the wrong man had been chosen to guide it, observing that it had been polluted from birth in a way that could never be cleansed even through unlimited endowment. That Mr. Carnegie's estimate of the genius of men has sometimes been wrong may be gathered by reading

the last chapter of his *Autobiography*. The following paragraph from an earlier chapter is also noteworthy in this connection:

"He is the happy man who feels that there is not a human being to whom he does not wish happiness, long life and deserved success, not one in whose path he would cast an obstacle nor to whom he would not do a service if in his power. All this he can feel without being called upon to retain as friend one who has proved unworthy beyond question by dishonorable conduct. For such there should be nothing felt but pity, infinite pity. And pity for your own loss also, for true friendship can only feed and grow upon the virtues."

In addition to all this, may not the location of the schools have influenced him in preventing their growth? Did he, after all, wish to see the schools which bear his own name predominate over the university which bears the name of his beloved American city—the university which had been founded for over a century before his schools were inaugurated to usurp its privileges? If he did, he would not have remembered that particular university in his final will and testament. His gift to "Pitt" and his seeming disconcern for "Tech," announced after his death, indirectly record the desire and vision of his last days on earth—the desire that the university should and the vision that it would finally absorb the technical schools, the latter coming eventually from the Carnegie Corporation of New York as the real gift of which the introductory amount bequeathed in his will was merely a promise. To have helped the University of Pittsburgh so abundantly would be reward enough in itself, without having his name floating over her. Was he not entirely satisfied with the memorial which had already been erected to his name before his schools were built to mar it? For he wrote at a time when the schools were well established and without including them: "The success of Library, Art Gallery, Museum and Music Hall—a noble quartet in an immense building—is one of the chief satisfactions of my life. This is my monument, because here I lived my early life and made my start, and I am to-day in heart a devoted son of dear old smoky Pittsburgh."

As far back as 1915, Professor C. R. Mann made a comparative study of the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, pointing out the unnecessary and wasteful duplication of courses. At the time, no changes were made; but of late considerable co-ordination and interchange of teachers has been effected. The acquisition of the ground facing Carnegie Institute by the University of Pittsburgh likewise brings the university in material contact with the technical schools, Mr. Carnegie's "monument" serving as the connecting link between them. There are several trustees common to the Boards of both institutions, Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, being one of them who has made gifts to both schools. With the resignation of Tech's first president accomplished and with personal ambition and further competition largely eliminated, it would seem that the GREATER UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH is now but a matter of time, and Mr. Carnegie's favorite American city will, according to the Mann Report, "soon become a center of educational investigation and enlightenment second to none in this country."

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